

irty Dick & Jane The Breast Game Are You a Homo?

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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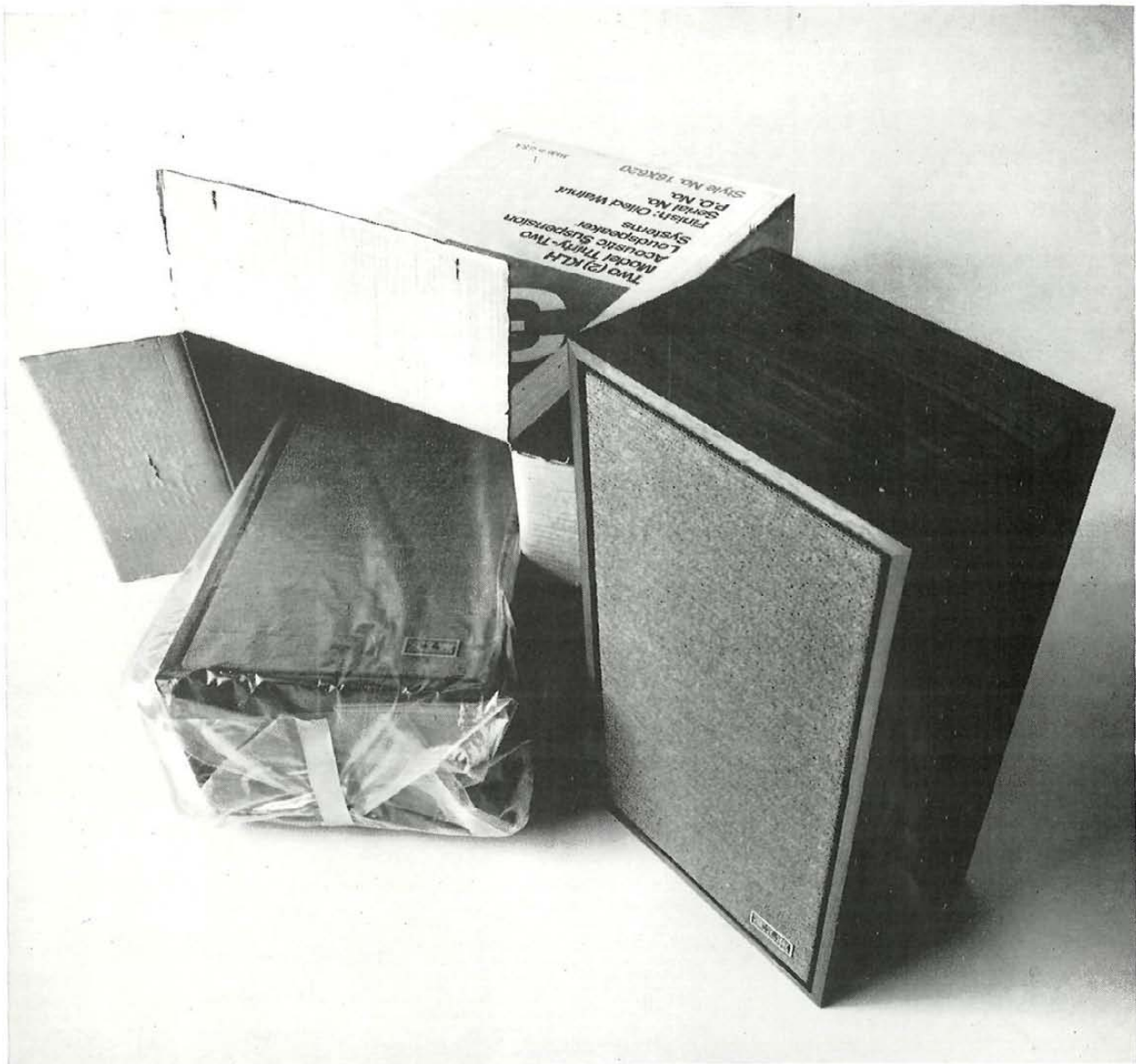
JULY 1971 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS

Pornography: Threat or Menace?



'A TRUE STORY'

Dick Heins



The \$95 Misunderstanding.

It seems there's been some confusion about the price that appeared in our first ad for the new KLH Model Thirty-Two loudspeakers. To clear up any misunderstanding, the price is, indeed, \$95 the pair (\$47.50 each).†

If you're wondering how we could make a KLH loudspeaker for \$47.50, it's really quite simple.

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Either we could make a fair speaker and a lot of profit. Or we could make a lot of speaker and a fair profit.

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much bass response as, say, our Model Seventeen. But the basic listening quality of the new KLH Thirty-Two is superb by any standard. In fact, we'll match the Thirty-Two against any speaker in its price class: even against most speakers costing twice its price. For when it comes to making reasonably-priced speakers that deliver an inordinate amount of sound, that's really what KLH is all about.

And about that, there can be no misunderstanding.

For more information on the Model Thirty-Two, write to KLH Research and Development, 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Or visit your KLH dealer.

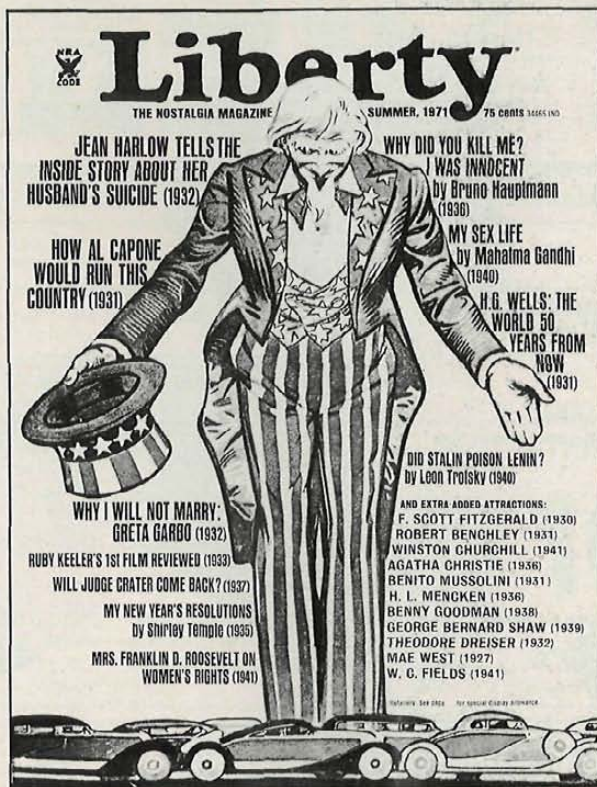
† Suggested retail price. Slightly higher in the west.
* A trademark of The Singer Company



L-7

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Give Me Liberty!



Remember Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard? Remember H. L. Mencken and Theodore Dreiser, Gandhi and G.B.S. and the Marx Brothers? Ever read a short story by F.D.R. or a thesis on sex and marriage by Benito Mussolini? Is it possible that you remember Shirley Temple's 1936 New Year's Resolutions or that you still know how to do the Big Apple or the Lambeth Walk?

Do you remember *Liberty* magazine?

If you've said "yes" to any five of the above questions, you win the Warren G. Harding Memorial Award for Excellence in Recall. If you flunked, you really ought to stop thinking about the future and start getting with the past. Nostalgia, someone said recently, is the overriding emotion of the 1970's. You know why? Because it's more fun to think about the past than the present or future.

The first issue of *Liberty* is now on sale—it's the premiere Summer issue. The Fall issue will be published on July 22, 1971. You'll find the magazine at newsstands everywhere or, if you want to make sure to get your copy, by subscription here—now.

Incidentally, if your memory bank extends only to such remembrances as J.F.K., the young Marlon Brando, Howdy Doody and Sandra Dee, then *Liberty*, the nostalgia magazine, will show you more colorful days.

So, what's old? *Liberty*, that's what!

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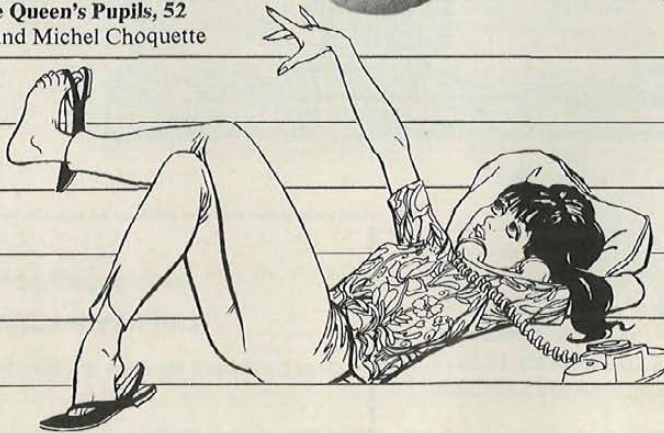
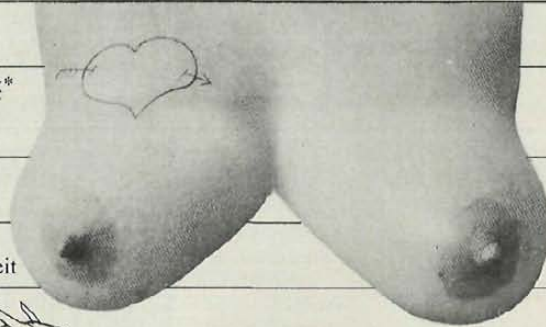
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NATIONAL LAMPPOON



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Thanks to a new postal regulation, Americans who do not wish to receive unsolicited material of a pornographic or suggestive nature can now file a form with their local postmaster and place their names on a "nonmailing list" that pornographers must consult regularly and avoid including in their lists, under penalty of law.

Since the announcement of this new regulation last fall, we at the *National Lampoon* have received countless letters and cards from concerned citizens who are anxious to protect themselves, their loved ones, and their household pets from the "Viper in the Mailbox," as one Missouri housewife put it, but who have never gotten any unsolicited pornographic material by mail, and, in the American tradition of fair play, want to see both sides of the question before deciding.

With this in mind, we have selected and reproduced in this issue some prime examples of the sort of distasteful and offensive material that might find its way into your slot, chute, box, or whatever. Look it over carefully. Once you have made up your mind, you may wish to show this issue to your friends to familiarize them with the problem or just keep it around the house as a useful reminder.

Important: Since there is no way we can enforce a reasonable reading code, we must ask our readers to cooperate with us in keeping this magazine out of the hands of minors. You're on the honor system! If you're over twenty-one, please put this magazine in a safe place, away from innocent eyes, like under your socks in the bureau drawer or behind the towels in the john. If you're over twenty-one but young-looking, please take out your driver's license, draft card, or military I.D. and hold it up to this page. If you're under twenty-one, have a parent or guardian turn the pages for you. If you're under eighteen, surrender this magazine to a responsible adult.

Remember, we're counting on your judgment. It would be tragic if, through carelessness or dishonesty, this important educational tool were to become just another piece of pornography.—HNB

COVER: The hard-hitting depiction of the dangers of pornography featured on the cover this month is by Dick Hess, member of the noted design duo of Hess and/or Antiput. Hess, who took on the commission "as a moral duty," is a winner of the coveted Médaille de Veau and holds three sought-after *National Lampoon* Certificates of Achievement in the Graphic Arts, awarded for his illustrations for the "Mighty Minerva" children's book in the Women issue, "The Philosopher Detective" in the Adventure issue, and this month's cover.



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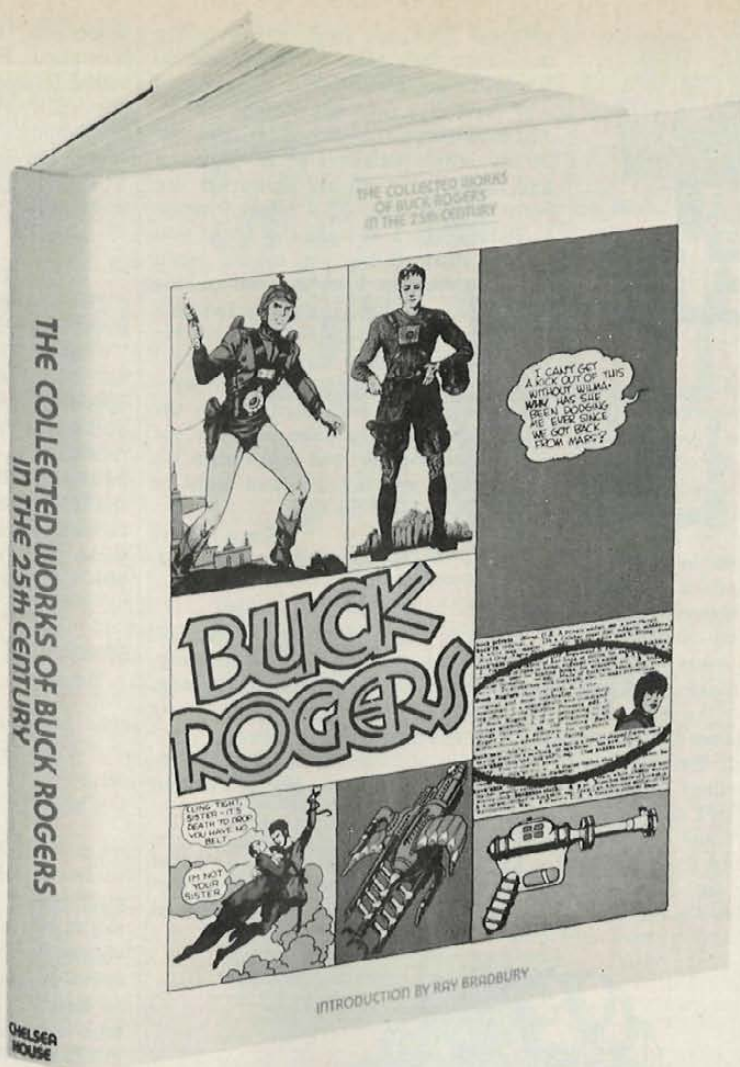
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ATTENTION GLITZY NEW YORK ART DIRECTORS: Mr. Michael Gross, up-and-coming Art Director of the *National Lampoon*, wishes it known among his professional peers that last month's logo was originally supposed to be a tasteful pale yellow rather than the garish red that resulted from a combination of technical fuck-ups and Philistine editors. No catty remarks, boys.





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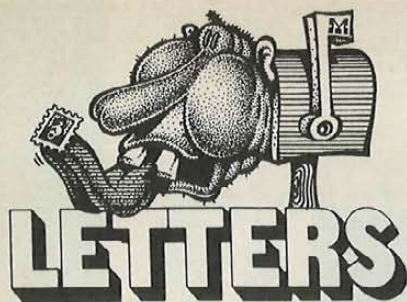
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Sirs:

Hi! You don't know me, but I'm your typical fucked up teeny-bopper and I wanted to write you to tell you that the *National Lampoon* is really out-of-sight and tops! I really dig the pictures and cartoons and the "Foto Funnies" the most, except that a lot of the other things have all those words in it, which is actually kind of a bummer. I mean, you're not sure if it's funny or what. But what I wanted to say is that you guys sure look sexy in your pictures, and I get turned on just looking at them except I can't usually buy the magazine because my plastic parents are real down-heads about bread and all. But anyway, what it is is that I've written letters to Peter Fonda and Grand Funk and Bobby Sherman and Paul Revere and the Raiders and Ohio Express and the Rascals and the Monkeys and the Partridge Family and even Jim Nabors, but all I

ever get back are form letters telling me where their next concert is and do I want to order my tickets by mail and why haven't I paid my fan-club dues, and even then, once my Mom read one of my letters before I even mailed it and made me wash my typewriter out with soap because of a poem I wrote to Paul. Well, I thought that since you haven't made it big yet, maybe you'd answer my letters. I am very old-looking for my age and have a thirty-seven-inch bust unless you don't like them that big in which case it's a thirty-four, and I love to go out on dates and am very affectionate and really fantastic in the sack, I bet. I really hope you give me a call at 677-0989, but make sure it's before eight and not a school night or Dad'll really blow his top.

Lorri Filbert
San Bernardino, Calif.

Sirs:

When I was five and you were six, we rode on horses made of sticks. Bang-bang, you shot me down. Bang-bang, I hit the ground. Bang-bang, my baby shot me down.

Lt. William Calley
Song My, S. Vietnam

Sirs:

Listen, you Commie punks, I've had it up to here with your pinko nigger-loving magazine and your snot-nosed

wisecracks about my monkey-gland transplant. First off, I don't like your veiled references to so-called "resulting personality changes," and second of all, if anybody's virility is in question, it's yours, you wet-behind-the-ears bastards. You silly bitches make me so mad, you make me want to go and sit on a banana.

John Wayne
Hollywood, Calif.

Calif., Angeles Los

Reilly Robert Professor

"oddball" of sort some were I if as me at look they ,it publish to someone approach I time every but ,time in backwards "traveling" with experiments recent my in success some with met have I that modesty without say must I ?field spatial limited a around warps time localized producing of possibilities the on thesis my publishing in interested be you'd if wonder I

Sirs:

Sirs:

Rosebud.

Charles Foster Kane
Xanadu, Fla.

Sirs:

Checkers.

Richard Milhous Nixon
Key Biscayne, Fla.

Sirs:

I highly approved of your April "Adventure" issue and particularly with your observation that most movie thrillers can be harmful to our senior citizens, who tend to crack at the drop of a barometer, much less during a hair-raising movie climax. In line with this, I thought you might be interested in funding a new adventure film I have just completed, based on the famous short story *Leiningen Versus the Ants*, in which the title character fights to save his South American plantation from being overrun by hordes of voracious soldier-ants. But my screenplay, *Leiningen Versus the Snails*, gives the old story a novel "twist" that guarantees a socko box-office with our delicate golden-agers.

Stark "terror" explodes on the screen from the first scene, when Leiningen's faithful foreman, Juan, runs into the jungle mansion white with terror. . . .

JUAN (*white with terror*). Señor Leiningen! Señor Leiningen! Thee snails she are coming! Meillions of them! Just over thee heel!

LEININGEN (*sensing something is wrong*). You mean the voracious Brazilian soldier snails that devour everything in their relentless march, the dreaded *Gastropoda omnivora*, often called by the natives "the jungle vacuum cleaners"?

JUAN. Si! Si! They are honly one hundred yards away!



LEININGEN. Then there's only one thing to do. . . .

JUAN. You mean. . . ?

LEININGEN. Yes, Juan, we must send off a letter to the Pest Control Bureau in San Paolo!

JUAN. Pronto special delivery, si?

LEININGEN. No, third class will do. Nothing will be accomplished by panicking.

(The tension begins to mount as the countless millions of soldier snails swarm forward in their relentless march toward the plantation. Scenes of their horrible onslaught flash on the screen as they consume all things too slow to flee from their path . . . tortoises . . . clams . . . crippled earthworms . . . sluggish ferns and shrubs. As the ominous squish of the swarm grows to a deafening roar, Juan, holding an opened letter, races to Leiningen asleep in his hammock.)

JUAN. Señor Leiningen! Wake up! Thee authorities in San Paolo cannot help us! We are all doomed!

LEININGEN *(drowsing)*. Then there's only one thing to do. . . .

JUAN. You mean. . . ?

LEININGEN. Tell the boys to stop shoveling and step back about fifteen feet. That should buy us another six weeks or so to think of something. *(He falls asleep.)*

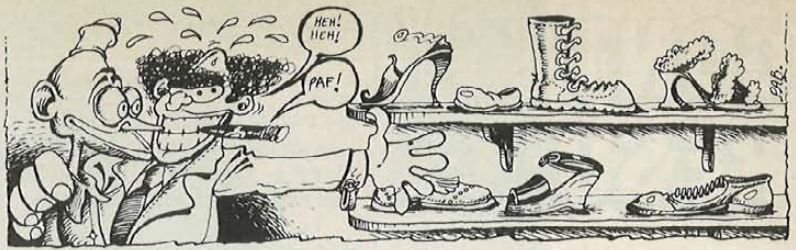
(The action begins to pick up as the screen reveals that the crafty, indomitable Leiningen has indeed "thought of something" to defeat the snails! As the precious remaining weeks flash by, the plantation owner and his faithful laborers frantically unload huge shipments of parsley, butter, and garlic sauce. But the snails surge onward as Juan races to address the last of the picnic invitations and mail them to the entire population of San Paolo. Just in the nick of time, a single airplane is heard overhead, and, as the natives look up and cheer wildly, the one person in the entire western hemisphere able to rescue the situation floats gently to earth on a parachute. "The end" and credits.)

Needless to say, the production budget might be rather hefty, but I am confident that it will be more than offset by the surprise appearance of the paratrooper (I am sure we can get a stunt man to make the actual jump)! And, of course, if we can't get Julia Child for the part, we can always sign Graham Kerr, that cute boy who does "The Galloping Gourmet" on TV.

Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

Helen Keller
Avondale, Conn.



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

JUNE, 1970/BLIGHT: With Sludge Magazine, Beauty Tips for Mutants, Our Threatened Nazis, Jean Shepherd's S.P.L.A.T., Mort Gerberg's Pollutionland, and Michael O'Donoghue's Extinction Game.

JULY, 1970/BAD TASTE: Don't miss The Liz Taylor and Richard Burton Gift Catalogue, the Special Mediocrity Supplement, A Photographer's Guide to Art and Pornography, and the Most Tasteless Article Ever Printed!

AUGUST, 1970/PARANOIA: What would America be like as a second-rate power? Read We're Only Number Two. Also, a Paranoia Map of the World, Is Nixon Dead? (well, is he?) and The Secret of San Clemente.

SEPTEMBER, 1970/SHOW BIZ: Get your mezzanine seats now for the MGM Blackmail Auction, Screen Slime Magazine, Raquel Welch Laid Bare, Diary of a New Left Starlet, and College Concert Comix!

NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA: A spin out on Memory Lane. Read reminiscences by Jean Shepherd; the 1896 Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; The Fifties: A Special Section; 1936: A Space Odyssey; and The Death Song Game.

DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS: Prepare now for the next ghastly hollydaze with Gahan Wilson's Xmas Horrors, The Santology Handbook, I Remember Jesus, and Tricia and the Prince Comics.

JANUARY, 1971/WOMEN'S LIBERATION: Combat the Pink Peril with the Women's Lib Naughty Pinup Calendar, the Anti-Sexist Children's Book, a special *Cosmopolitan* Parody, and the expurgated best seller . . . The Censorless Woman!

FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE: Learn the mind-expanding powers of Kitty Litter in Michael O'Donoghue's Bummers, the *Natlamp* Special Stoned Section, Hermann Hesse's Siddhartha Classic Comic, Madison Avenue, Marijuana Packs, and the 1971 *Rolling Stone* parody ("Mozart, We'll Miss You!")!

MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: Tote that tome and lift that pinkie with Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, The Gracie Slick Handbook of Radical Dos & Don'ts, The Undiscovered Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, The Mantovani Strain, and The Life and Times of Captain Bringdown.

APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: Good God, Professor, it's . . . it's . . . Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls Adventure Magazine, The Philosopher Detective, The Great American Cereal Box, and free Boobleghum Cards.

MAY, 1971/THE FUTURE: Hop into our steam-powered Time Trolley and stumble backward into the World of Tomorrow. You'll be delighted that you won't live to see: the Zero Gravity Sex Manual (*The NASA Sutra*), Time Warp Comics, the Special Pull-Out "If" Section, the 1906 *National Lampoon*, Attack of the 90-Foot Macrobies, and Trollets of the Extraterrestrials.

JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: Listen, it's getting to be a real pain in the ass coming up with kicky load-ins to stuff like *Natlamp's* Inferno, Magic Made E-Z, The Prophet by Kahili Gibrish, I Dreamed I was There in Overdose Heaven, and Buckminster Fuller-Charles Reich-Marshall McCluhan-Kate Millett Utopia Four Comix.

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CONTEST RESULTS

SEX-CRAZED KING LOPS WIVES' TOPS IN SAVAGE QUEST FOR THEIR

Remember this one? Readers were asked to submit dummy headlines for America's second funniest periodical, the *National Enquirer*. Unfortunately, when we asked for dummy headlines, we didn't know people would take us so literally. But no hard feelings. First place, second place, and close-but-no-cigar are listed below. If you don't find your name in the list and your entry had anything to do with Adolf Eichmann's taste in TV dinners, don't despair. Your name has been inscribed on the *NatLamp* Honor Roll of Egregious Bad Taste, and your entry has been forwarded to a reputable psychiatrist in your hometown.



WIN (two-year subscription to the *NatLamp*)

ENRAGED DEITY DROWNS MILLIONS IN VENGEFUL THRILL KILLING
Bob Friedman, Elkins Park, Pa.

FEATHER FREAK FALLS TO FIERY DEATH IN CRACKPOT FLIGHT SCHEME
Chris Scovill, Apo, N.Y.

PLACE (one-year subscription to the *NatLamp*)

BEAST BALKS AT "UNNATURAL" ACT, WINDY CITY SIZZLES
Mike Palmer, Philadelphia, Pa.

GREEDY LOAN SHARK OUTWITTED, NUDE LONG-HAIR WAGERS ALL IN DARING DAYLIGHT RIDE
M. L. Healy, Norwood, Mass.

DEPRAVED EXTERMINATOR LURES CHILDREN FROM HOMES WITH WEIRD MUSIC
David L. Allin, Golden, Colo.

SHOW (You probably think these entries are better than the ones that won, and you're probably right.)

"FLOWER CHILD" FOUND DROWNED
KING, QUEEN, KNAVES SLAIN AFTER DEMENTED DANISH PRINCE STAGES GRISLY CASTLE PLAY
Patricia Spain, Arlington, Va.

SELF-PROCLAIMED "VIRGIN" GIVES BIRTH TO HALOED MALE AS CENTURIANS SEEK PERVERT KNOWN AS "HOLY GHOST"
B. Hunter, Swarthmore, Pa.

SALEM WITCHES BITCH: FAIR TRIAL IMPOSSIBLE IN MASSACHUSETTS
Stan Javorski, Washington, D.C.

TRIO OF KINGS DRIVEN BY STARLIGHT
DISCOVER LOVE CHILD IN BETHLEHEM BARN
Tony Russomanno, Whippany, N.J.

600 HIGH ON HORSE RUSH INTO DEATH TRAP TO GET BALLED
W. King, Ticonderoga, N.Y.

DRUG-PUSHER PRIEST OF VERONA STRIKES AGAIN: 13-YEAR-OLDS IN DOUBLE-SUICIDE LOVE PACT
Saul Feldman, Berkeley, Cal.

ROMEO TRIES FOR LOVE ON HIGH, LATER FOUND DEAD WITH HEROINE
M. & D. Weinberg, Millburn, N.J.

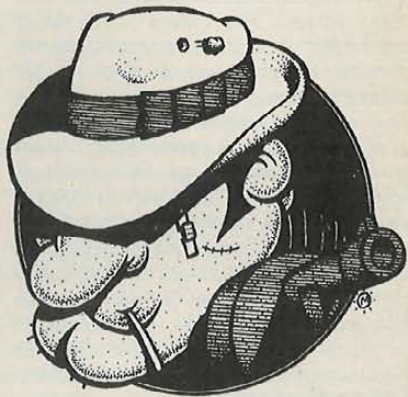
BEAD-WEARING RIOTERS ATTACK MILITARY IN HAIR-RAISING CEREMONY AT LITTLE BIG HORN
Beverly Week, Waterville, Me.

SOCRATES SLURPS SLUDGE, SLAYS SELF, SAY SUSPECTED STUDENTS
John Sherwood, Albion, Mich.

MANIACAL MARQUIS DE SADE CONFESSES PERVERTED PORN PUBS WRITTEN "JUST TO MAKE A NAME FOR MYSELF."
Lee Thomas, Little Falls, N.J.

CRAZED DOCTOR MUTILATES MURDERED MONKEYS, TORTURES POLIO CHILDREN WITH BEASTS' KIDNEYS
David Powers, Cincinnati, Ohio

MAD MONK MENDEL OBSESSED WITH MIXED MARRIAGES IN THE NAME OF FLOWER POWER
Norma Gonnella, Washington, D.C.



CONTEST

Like many modern corporations that have found themselves in the latter part of the twentieth century with a name and corporate image left over from the horse-and-buggy days, the Mafia is considering a name change. Readers are asked to submit new names for this synergistic, diversifying enterprise that reflect its commitment to long-established services but take into account its growth, innovation, and technological maturity. Winners will be taken care of in the usual manner. Address all entries (postcards only) to GINO c/o The *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



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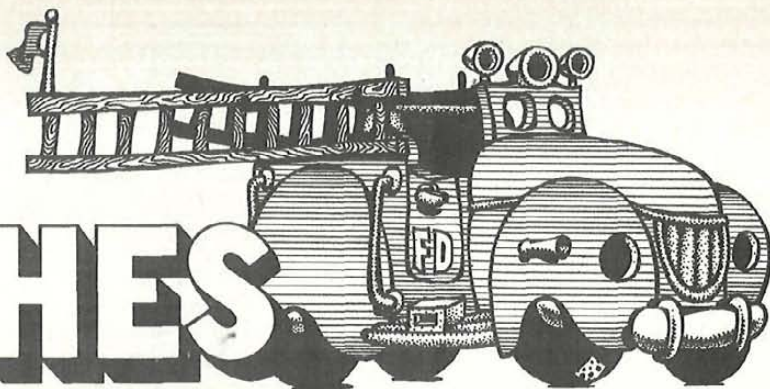
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HOT FLASHES



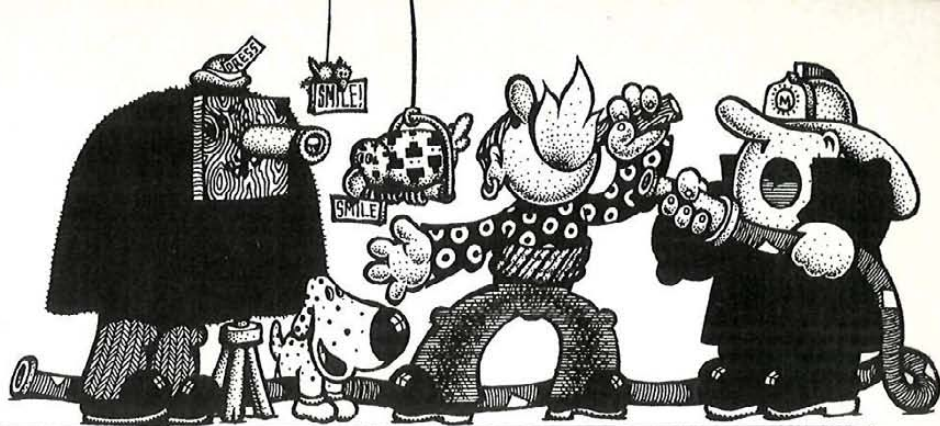
WASHINGTON, D.C.: Although refusing to deny Senator Edmund Muskie's charges that the FBI has kept secret files on legislators, Bureau chief J. Edgar Hoover tells newsmen, "As a matter of fact, a little bird told me that Senator Muskie is somewhat of an 'undercover man' himself."



CHICAGO: Hugh Hefner, publisher of *Playboy* magazine, reaches for a small tidbit as his sometime petting partner, Barbie Benton, looks on. The young "Bunnette," a recent addition to the nationwide chain of Playboy Clubs, fulfills a longtime ambition for the aging make-out king. "When a harried businessman comes into one of my clubs," says Hefner, "he often has only time enough for a short one."



ROME: Pope Paul VI kisses the foot of a twelve-year-old boy during a Holy Week ceremony at St. John's Lateran Basilica. His Excellency performed this and other interesting purification rites on eight more boys until a nervous Vatican official hinted to the usually infallible spiritual leader that Holy Week normally falls in the early spring.



WASHINGTON, D.C.: In a solemn White House ceremony, President Nixon bestows upon much misunderstood Lt. William Calley the National Rifle Association Sharpshooter Award. Past recipients of this coveted trophy for "marksmanship above and beyond the call of duty" have included the Jackson State Police; the Kent, Ohio, National Guard; and Charles "Texas Tower" Whitman.



DISNEYLAND: California Governor Ronald Reagan and his lovely wife, Nancy, enjoy a hearty laugh with a mechanical look-alike of the late Senate minority leader Everett Dirksen. The robot, the newest addition to Disney's "Hackland," which also boasts lifelike working models of the late senators Mendel Rivers and Joe McCarthy, automatically "delivers" Dirksen's famous 1964 nominating speech for Barry Goldwater on an endless tape loop.



HALIFAX, N.S.: Treating fans to an informal athletic exhibition at the opening of the Canadian Games, impish Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau gamely demonstrates the 100-yard run-for-cover that he has been practicing for several weeks in preparation for his forthcoming goodwill visit to Dallas, Texas.



PEKING: In yet a new gesture of warming relations with the U.S., and as a further indication of the desire to promote foreign investment, Communist China has agreed to enter a float in the coming Rose Bowl Parade. The lavishly bedecked entry's title translates as "The Onward Struggle of the People's Republic of China in Conjunction with the Enslaved Workers Crushed Under the Paw of the Capitalist Lickspittle Jackals Will Soon Blossom under the Wise Fertilizer of Chairman Mao's Thought This Space for Rent." □

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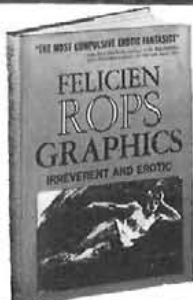
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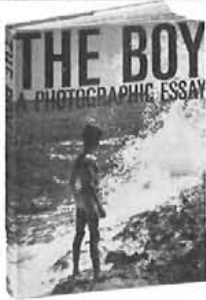
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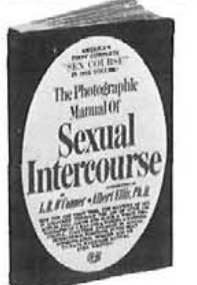
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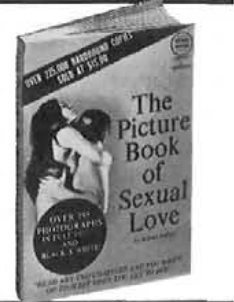
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NEWS OF THE MONTH



The Vietnamization program, announced by President Nixon shortly after he took office as a means of keeping the war going despite the lack of public interest by cutting back on some parts of the American commitment and totally eliminating others, is finally taking effect. Under the new system, called Namtrak, all operations to Laos and Cambodia are being discontinued, "Yankee Station" is being closed down, large manpower cuts are being made, and, after this summer, only certain specified "short-maul" missions will remain. It means the end of fabled names like "Dewey Canyon," "The DMZ Line," "The Delta Sweep," and countless other legendary routs that only the old-timers remember.

As a sign of the changing times, at 7:25 A.M. on June 26, "Big Red One" made its last combat run. It wasn't much to look at compared to the old days—just a few armored personnel-carriers strung behind a lone tank—and as the column snaked through the Vietnamese countryside past towns it had made famous—My Lai, Song My, Ben Suc, Da Lat, Quang Tri, Pleiku—an era seemed to end. Counting for brief stops to unload a few rounds or take on a prisoner or two, the whole trip took eight and one half hours. The same destruction could have been accomplished by bombers in twenty-seven minutes. "It's the Air Force's baby now," lamented Colonel Robert Bell, the column com-

mander, at the end of the trip. "We just can't compete. They've got the body count, and we don't. It's as simple as that."

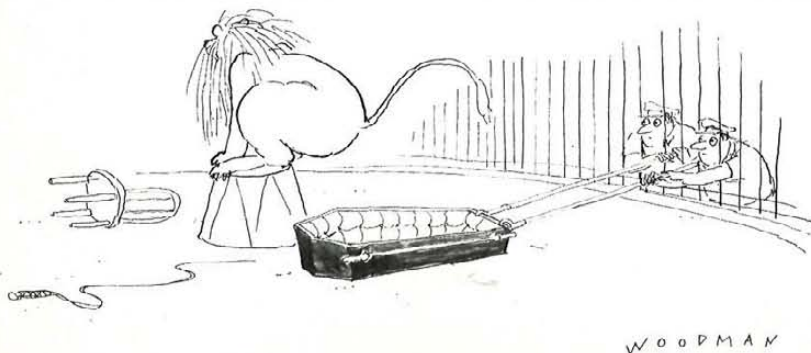
The discontinuation of ground operations by American troops will leave several large cities like Hue and hundreds of hamlets and villages without a military presence, and most of them have no alternative forms of annihilation, but the end of the fighting will probably be felt most strongly in the rural areas, where for a dozen years the plaintive whistle of the Phosphorous Rocket and the rumble of the old 105 have become a familiar part of life. Of course, there will still be bombing runs, but it won't be the same. When the clickety-clack of machine guns, the scent of napalm, and the familiar cry "They're all dead!" are finally gone, a whole generation of Vietnamese that told its parents, "If I grow up, I want to be a refugee," will feel a sense of loss. But the Vietnamese are a stoic people conditioned to disappointment and to accepting the inevitable. As one old villager put it, "There's nothing we can do about it. I guess we'll just have to go on living."

From the Stranger Than Fiction Dept., the school prayer instituted throughout Haiti by the late President, "Papa Doc" Duvalier: "Our Doc, who art in the National Palace for life, Hallowed be Thy name by present and future generations. Give us this day our new Haiti and

never forgive the trespasses of the anti-patriots who spit every day on our country; let them succumb to temptation, and, under the weight of their venom, deliver them not from any evil . . ."

One of the documents contained in the interesting collection of confidential material stolen from the FBI office in Media, Pennsylvania, and circulated to the press and selected congressmen was a directive from Washington urging local agents "to utilize all feasible modes of tapping as possible sources of information." Subsequently, several individuals have uncovered evidence of the single-minded dedication and thoroughness of the FBI. Among them are: an antiwar protestor who called a plumber to fix a noisily gurgling sink, only to find that his water was being tapped; a professor of economics active in liberal causes who learned that several maple trees on his Vermont farm were being tapped; a persistent critic of the Nixon Administration who discovered that a branch that was constantly tapping his bedroom window was in reality an electronic listening device; a student radical who, growing suspicious after tapioca was spilled on him seven times in a row in a college cafeteria, turned up tiny microphones in the lumps; and a Mafia chieftain who found out that a tap dancer performing in his nightclub was an FBI agent. In a possibly unrelated occurrence, all the tapestries in the Capitol building were sent out to be cleaned last week.

Detroit auto-makers have been the target of abuse for some time, most recently for their apparently deliberate slowness in developing "passive restraint" systems such as the "air-bag," a slowness that critics claim is only one example of their general disinterest in the safety of the cars they produce. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth, and, in defense of Detroit, some mention should be made of the many innovations that the auto companies have introduced over the years. To name just a few: magnesium wheel-covers, which eliminate the deadly explosion-causing spark produced by a steel hubcap striking the pavement after an accident; radio aerials invisibly embedded in the windshield to do away with the hazardous exterior aerial that a high-speed collision can transform into a lethal projectile; vinyl roofs to protect passengers from the shattering impact of falling birds; trunks and hoods that fold up in the most minor accident, thus providing a sobering sight for passing drivers, guaranteed to snap them out of their false sense of security; body frames that effectively dissolve in serious accidents, keeping accident-prone drivers off the highways and in the hospitals; clocks that stop periodically as




WOODMAN

a poignant reminder that time is running out for the careless driver; radios that don't work and ashtrays that get stuck so that drivers will not fall prey to the distractions of music or smoking while behind the wheel; chrome bumpers, which, like the flight recorders found in commercial aircraft, provide a permanent record of every mishap, however slight; and the use of shoddy assembly techniques to insure that older cars that are involved in many more accidents than newer models are regularly removed from the roads.

As an indication of the spread of religious activism following the arrest of the Berrigans, Administration officials have hinted that they have been maintaining surveillance on members of various sects who may be planning disruptive activities, including a group of ultra-conservative Catholics who have been saving up Bingo receipts to finance the manufacture of faulty birth-control devices and inaccurate calendars, an extremist Baptist organization that reportedly had plans to kidnap Berrigan-supporter Rep. William Anderson and bore him to death, a group of Washington Episcopalians who intended to invite cabinet members to an exclusive garden party and feed them exploding canapés, and a militant wing of the Gidcon Society, which was preparing to put Bibles in the D.C. water supply.

In response to accusations that the large rise in the number of Vietnam deaths listed as accidental represents an attempt to cover up high casualty rates, the Pentagon has published a breakdown of all "noncombat casualties" for the year 1970. In releasing the figures, the Department of Defense stressed that, with the reduced level of fighting, troops have more time for leisure and hence more opportunity to become victims of "holiday-type" mishaps. Included in the list are: deaths caused by highway accidents or hazardous roads, among them Route 9 in Laos and Route 16 in Cambodia, 143; victims of fire in forests, 237; victims of fire in swamps, 198; victims of fire in rivers, 89; soldiers killed by rockets, 2-inchers, 3.5-inchers, 4.2-inchers, and other noisemakers while celebrating various holidays, 319; thrill-seeking climbers killed while attempting to scale Hills 881 and 881 North, 226; amateur spelunkers claimed by abandoned mines, 157; mortalities due to assorted diseases, including attacks and seizures, 160; soldiers killed as a result of crimes, chiefly during assaults with deadly weapons, 251; deaths due to natural causes, among them heart failure, head failure, chest failure, blood failure, and arm or leg failure, 503; and fatal "on the job" accidents involving machinery, falling objects, explosions, etc., 112. □

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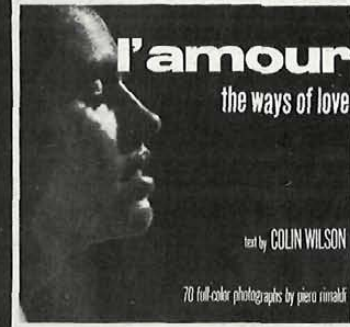
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Daddy, what did you do in the war against pollution?

Like it or not, we're all in this war. But as the war heats up, millions of us stay coolly uninvolved. (We have lots of alibis):

What can one person do?

It's up to "them" to do something about pollution—not me.

Besides, average people don't pollute. It's the corporations, institutions and municipalities.

The fact is that companies and governments are made up of people. Employees, executives, legislators. It's people who make decisions and do things that foul up our water, land and air.

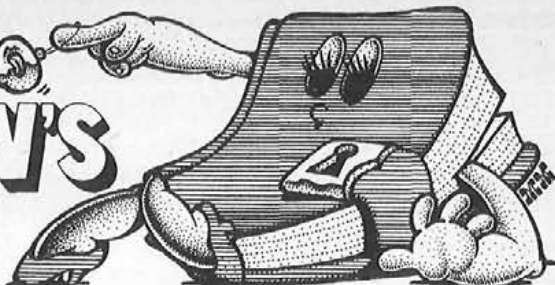
What can one person do for the cause? Lots of things. Modest actions around the house and on the job. Like cleaning your spark plugs every 1000 miles, using detergents in the recommended amounts, supporting better waste treatment plants in your town. Yes, and throwing litter in a basket instead of in the street.

Above all, let's stop shifting the blame. People start pollution. People can stop it. When enough Americans realize this, we'll have a fighting chance in the war against pollution.



**People start pollution.
People can stop it.**

MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



*Spring cherry blossoms' gay diversions
Have fled the breeze they sailed
aloft on.*

*Now, Dick Nixon's new incursion
Proves Commies are not what he's
soft on.*

*He thinks my virtue a mere free-fire
zone;*

*Zeal, he shows, as t'would wear
a bull out,*

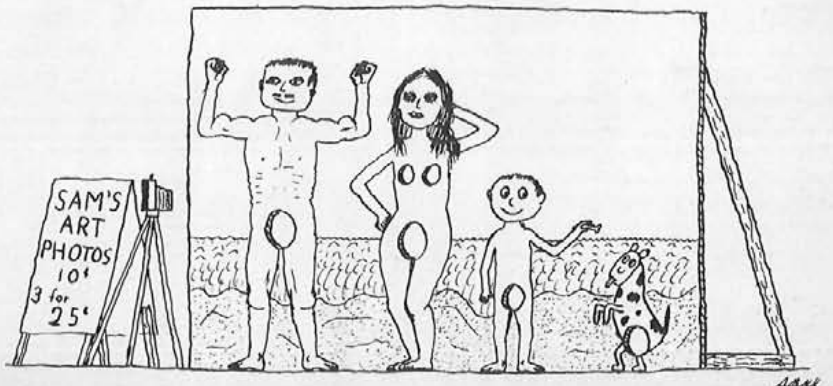
*This randy rake, 'tho most desire-prone
Must cause poor Pat to plead for
pull-out.*

Dear Diary,

Despite my humble attempt at jolly verse, I cannot deny that my heart is troubled by a . . . Secret Shame. I was almost unfaithful to my own, darling Spiggy. My conscience has been bothering me all day like that cute little cockroach in *Pinocchio*, and I don't blame you if you never speak to me again because I must tell someone. Well, actually I did hint around it, kind of, with Martha. But she just laughed and said if John ever wised up to half of what she's been up to with the Watergate garage attendant, John would have her sent to Hank Kissinger's special soundproof briefing chamber for his secretaries, which, I hear, is hardly a laughing matter.

It all started innocently enough, dear Diary. I was on my way to the Wisconsin Avenue bus stop to go to Sears and see if they had any muumuu left on sale, when I noticed I was being fol-

lowed by an odd-looking man in a long black cloak with a black hat pulled over his eyes and black sneakers. Well, I figured he was one of those you-know-whats you're always hearing about, so I went into a nearby bakery to lose him like they do in the movies and maybe pick up a little something nice for Spiggy. Well, when I got my customer ticket, it had writing on it instead of a number! *Do not be afraid*, it said, *the man following you is a friend. Go to the gas station next door; walk to the candy machine and buy a Zag-Nut bar for further instructions.* Well, when the ticket machine exploded, I was scared out of my wits, but the stranger in black was right behind me, so I did it. But I didn't get a candy bar because instead another note dropped down, reading, *Go to the two telephone booths by the Dart Drug and wait for the phone to ring three times.* Well, the machine started to smoke and fizzle, too, and he was practically stepping on my pumps, so I went into the booth on the right, and he went into the one on the left and dialed. My phone rang, and a shadowy voice said hi you don't know me, but I'm Johnny Helms, Dick's special security advisor and I thought we might have a little chat. Oh, I said, you frightened me terribly for a minute because I thought you were one of those you-knows, but why do we have to do it over the phone? I didn't exactly hear what Mr. Helms said because a little



beep interrupted us and another man's voice said could I speak up a little louder.

Well, Mr. Helms finally explained that he wanted to know if I would be willing to help my country obtain some important secret information, and I, of course, said certainly, what is it? Well, Mr. Helms said, we want you to find out from Dick what the hell is going on in his head about Vietnam because Mel Laird and Bill Rogers are tired of finding out later from the *Washington Post* copy boys. Well, I said, couldn't Mr. Helms's helpers find out since that's their job? But he said the C.I.A., the N.S.A., and Army Intelligence were still all fouled up trying to develop the Ping-Pong balls (?) and he knew I had a special "in" with Dick because he was sweet on me (!). I, of course, said that was utter nonsense, but Mr. Helms said of all the yo-yos on the payroll, Maxine Cheshire was the only one who earned her lunch money.

Dear Diary, I swear that since I met Spiggy I have never even looked at another man, well hardly any (I've never even seen Broderick Crawford except on "The Late Show"), but if it's for the good of the country, well, okay. But what, I asked, about Pat? Mr. Helms just kind of giggled and said that she was this very minute on a similar mission so not to worry. Well, I was saying, I'm no Mata Gandhi but I'll do my best, when all of a sudden a crowd of little boys gathered around the phone booths because they wanted more of the little rubber knives Mr. Helms accidentally kept dropping out of his briefcase.

Mr. Helms hurriedly told me Dick was partial to Jungle Gardenia perfume and gave me a little cough drop he said I was supposed to use if a sudden urge to tell Dick what was what came over me.

Then he was gone.

Well, I went back to the Sheraton Park to put on the new slingbacks and make myself as cute as possible ("to put Dick in an informal, chatty mood," Mr. Helms said) and splurged on a cab over to the White House. Connie Stuart, Pat's social secretary, said Dick wasn't in his office because he was doing her a favor and was in the attic cataloging all that junk of Jackie Kennedy's for Pat's Girl Scout rummage sale.

I tiptoed up the stairs and opened the trapdoor just in time to see Dick putting away a magazine with a picture of a funny-looking sailor getting a tan on a rock. All over. When Dick saw me, he jumped up and made an odd gurgling sound and said oh, hi there Judy, you startled me there for a second because I was, ah, just reminiscing about my service in the Philippines and what a pleasant surprise you popping up without even knocking. Well, Dick said, smiling the way he does when he only

uses his upper lip, here we are. Alone.

Yes, I said, playing it coy, and since I'm here, why don't we go down and have a little nip before I have to go back and fix Spiggy's supper?

Downstairs, in the library, Dick regained his composure and said he was certainly very gratified for this opportunity to chat informally with the wives of his team members as a good coach should. I said that's nice, and Dick poured me another of his special martinis (three parts gin to two parts Wesson Oil and one part liquified cottage cheese).

Well, to make a long story short, we had a few more little martinis and I started to get a little giggly while Dick told me about how they (?) used to kick him around and now they'd (?) better watch their step but not to worry because he'd always felt warmly cordial toward me particularly, and maybe I'd like to try on his old football shoes from college and maybe kick him around a little. Just for fun, I laughed and said don't be silly, Dick, and he said no really, I'd like to make one thing perfectly clear. Well, I hadn't gotten around to asking him about what Mr. Helms wanted me to ask because I was getting pretty woozy and Dick kept on saying he wanted to make one thing perfectly clear, one thing. Then, as he kept saying it he started to un— . . . well things started to get blurry right then, particularly the part where he tried to get me to take some cottage cheese and . . . well just then the door flew open and Pat was standing there looking perfectly pleasant and saying hello what a nice surprise. Well, dear Diary, was my face red! She didn't seem to notice anything unusual about the way Dick looked on the table, but she didn't really seem to be actually looking at us at all, but sort of at the light fixtures and rugs and things. I must say, Pat may have her faults, but she certainly has tact.

Needless to say, as soon as I could, I scooted.

When I got home, I left a message with the bellboy in the black cape, hat, and sneakers, the way Mr. Helms asked, and told him I was sorry but I couldn't get the information he needed and went to clean up after Spiggy, who apparently had had a little party for himself what with the mess he left in the rumpus room. At any rate, the tidying up took my mind off of wondering whether Pat suspects anything was up. I think I'll "feel her out" about the whole matter when I go over to return the dress shield (!) that somehow got stuck in one of the pockets of Spiggy's pool table (?).

All for now,

Judy



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A fleeting but loving look
at sexual fantasy in the round.

by Arnold Roth

Pornography was invented in 1927 in San Francisco, California, by Salvatore Scungilli—an unemployed plumber's helper.



He told a friend about it. The friend raced back to Pompeii, Italy, and painted it all over the newly dug-up walls.

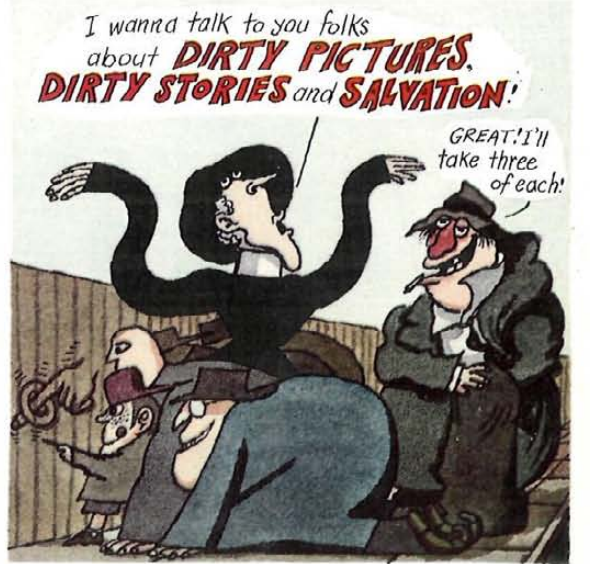
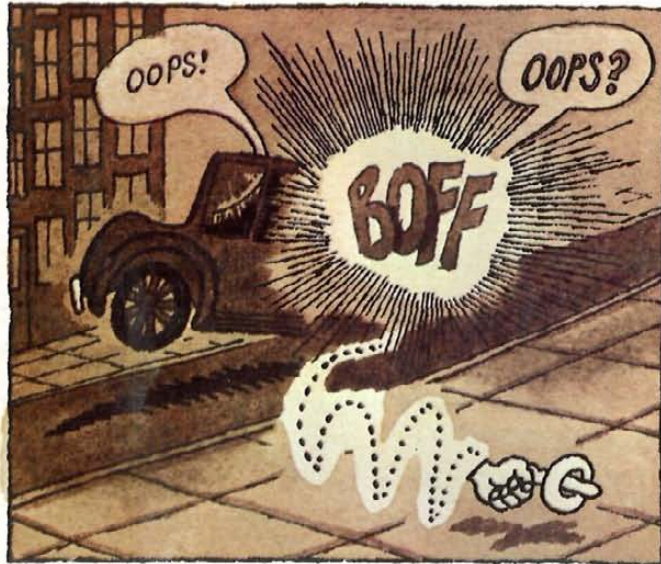


Folk flocked to see Scungilli's friend's handiwork.



May 27, 1929: Scungilli placed a 25-cent bet on the number 423, was hit by a car, and died penniless.

Meanwhile, pornography was getting plenty of free publicity.



Aesthetic persons quickly placed pornography above their worldly goods.



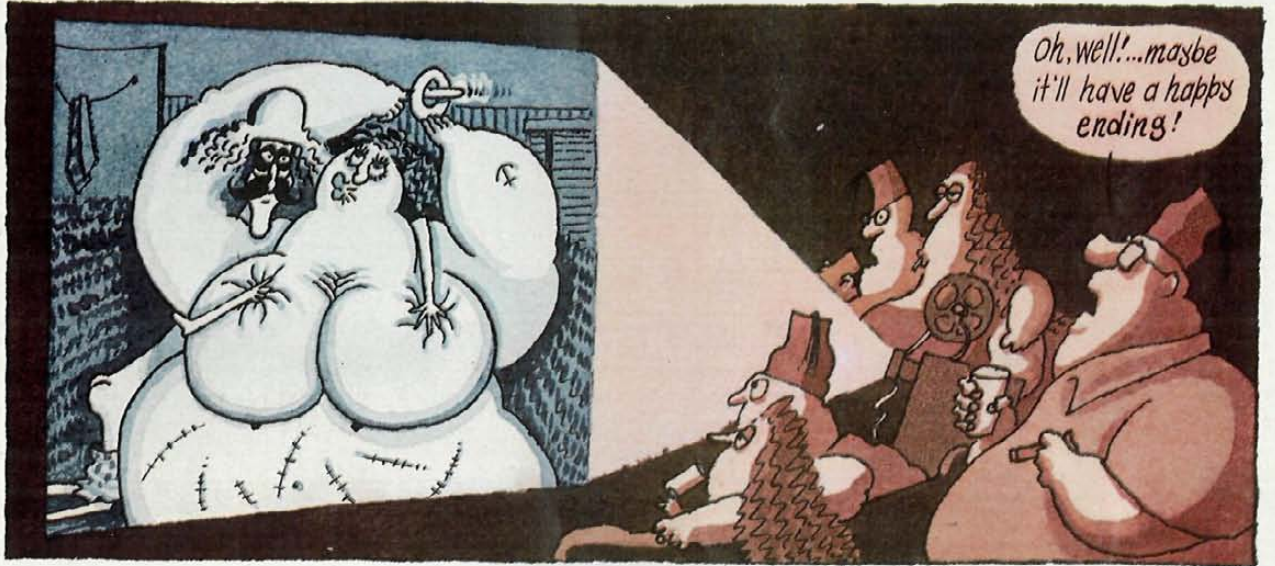
The Erotic Tale

Pornography comes in various ways.

The Dirty Picture



The Blue Film



How to tell pornography from others.



This picture is replete with redeeming social value. Therefore, it is not pornography. It is dumb, though.



This picture is replete with painterly clichés. Therefore, it is not pornography. It is art. Anyway, we're not sure just what is going on there.

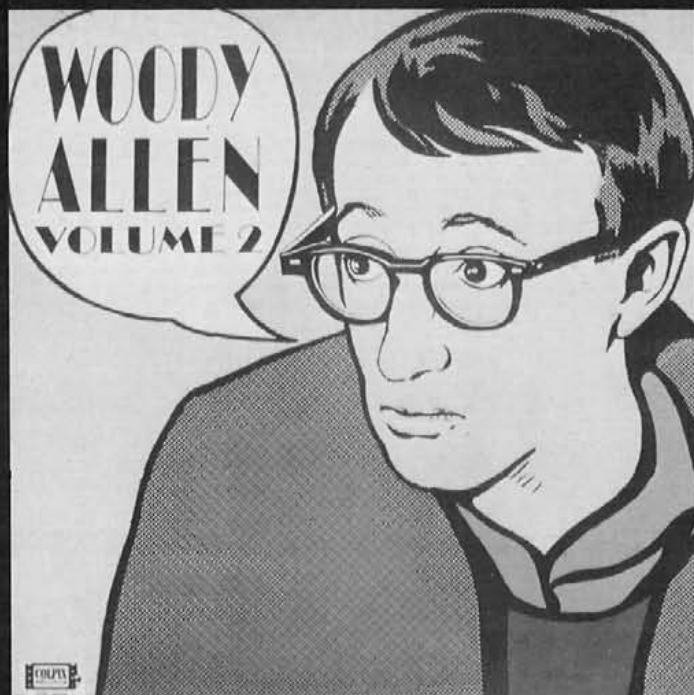


This picture is absolutely without redeeming social value or painterly clichés. Therefore, it is pornography. It is also dumb.

An obscene not often seen.



The El Exigente of pornography judging this year's crop for core density.



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771B

MY SECRET LIFE

by David Eisenhower



Illustration by Charles B. Stackman

by Terry Catchpole

A JOURNEY TO THE CAPITAL

It was in the robust, brilliant summer of 195- that I first came under the spell of the entrancing J. Father had determined that I was to spend the midyear season at the estate of my paternal grandparents in the Capital City, Grandfather having recently come into high position in the national government.

The first of many distinctions of this adolescent interlude came with my inaugural ride in a Pullman railway car. I can still recall with clarity my amazement that one could pass water in a moving vehicle having no outside plumbing connections, and throughout the journey my unworldly fourteen-year-old mind deeply pondered the question of whereat my pee-pee was disposed.

The Capital City was all that my school books had prepared me to expect, a most impressive metropolis fittingly worthy to serve as the Epicentre of the Free World and Beacon of Hope for All Mankind. I was especially struck by the magnificent marble monuments to our country's greatest heroes, by the spacious tree-filled parks and the broad boulevards alive with the foot traffic of dedicated civil servants and docile coloureds.

Grandfather's estate lay along the most central of the city's many boulevards and featured a splendid white mansion of more rooms than I could count and several acres of garden and greensward, where I was oft later to be found playing at frisbee with a certain Mr. Dulles. It was in such commodious surroundings that I was to pass this period of my sensual awakening and enamoration with the lovely J.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER

The first few days at the Capital estate I spent in idle boyhood pursuits, ignorant of the introduction to Manhood soon to come. My primary amusements consisted of such as the smearing of peanut butter on the doorknobs of the guest rooms' water closets and the clandestine placement of thumbtacks on the chairs of Grandfather's several aides.

On about the tenth day of my visit I chanced to be camouflaged behind a sizable shrub adjacent the mansion's front entrance, anticipating the arrival of some personage whom I planned to catch unawares with an emission from my well-stocked water pistol. My design was thwarted, however, with the arrival of a long, black, motor-driven carriage carrying a threesome of the most striking flowers of womanhood that ever my young eyes did espy.

First to alight was a handsome lady of middle years with a dignified bearing and a mouth which, in its small size and tightly pursed composure, resembled nothing so much as a rosebud struggling to burst open. She was followed by two young ladies approximating my

own years, and my attention was immediately drawn to the taller of the pair. Even in that state of innocence my senses were aroused by the shadowy play of this lovely creature's budding curves beneath her simple cloth coat and the soft rustle of her many crinolines as the party passed not three meters from my hiding place.

That evening over our customary culinary fare—tasty meat sausages tightly packed in a red-tinted skin and liberally surrounded with the baked and molasses-seasoned fruit of the bean plant—I casually let drop word of this encounter. Grandmother realized my enkindled interest and explained the three I glimpsed were Lady N. and her daughters J. and T., the family of Grandfather's secondary.

"And the taller of the offspring?" I queried further. "That would be J.," Grandmother responded. "I shall arrange an appointment for you on the morrow." My heart leapt to fill my mouth, and beans splattered all over Grandfather. I had not expected to be thrust so soon into the intimate company of a member of the opposite sex.

FIRST MEETING

The clock in the mansion solarium struck the appointed hour, and seconds later J. entered in the company of Grandmother, who was to remain as chaperone. How right I had been in my estimation of the allure of this pulchritudinous damsel! As she stood devoid of her outer cloak of the previous day, my eyes popped to see the twin mounds of her emerging bobbies struggling outwards beneath the simple J. C. Penney cotton-print shift she wore, and my desire heightened as my gaze encountered the delicately turned ankle outlined by her close-fitting white ribbed socks.

J. advanced shyly to where I stood, and Grandmother made the proper introductions. Upon passing several minutes in awkward silence, Grandmother suggested that I tell J. something of my brief history. I find it comical now to recall how I then burst out, "My name is David. I'm fourteen years old and I like to play at rounders," and how J. sharply rejoined, "I hate rounders, you nit, and much prefer the cultural pursuits of needle and thread."

As we sat then in further silence, I began to fear my ardour for J. was not to be reciprocated, when, of a sudden, she touched me! Yes, this rapturous woman-child reached out an elegant, fine-boned hand to halt my finger on one of its periodic journeys upward into my nasal passages. Thereupon I realized that J. had indeed sensed my fulsome passion and was eager that our flesh be as one.

When Grandmother briefly exited the room some time later, I seized the opportunity to speak for the second time

that afternoon. I beseeched J. to visit me in my rooms that night, much as I had secretly observed the maid to do when the lusty wench disported with Grandfather. But J. replied that such would be quite impossible given her situation, in that she dwelt some twelve kilometers distant.

Not to be deterred, I quickly proposed as an alternate course that we two meet next day in a certain grotto on the estate grounds. J. perceived that I would accept no excuse and agreed to the proposal whilst I silently pledged to be more fully prepared at this, our second rendezvous.

GARDEN GAMES

Early next morning I raced through the garden to gain the designated grotto a goodly while before J.'s expected arrival. Alone in this secluded verdant chamber, I gave free rein to my thoughts of J., letting them wander and embrace visions of this ideal specimen at the matrimonial altar by my side, standing before the cooking stove at some future dwelling we would share, driving my carriage to the railway terminal to await my return from a faraway business engagement, bearing my heirs and rearing them with the perfect faith and devotion of radiant Motherhood.

Several hours of such pleasant thoughts caused a stiffening of the involuntary muscle in my doodle, so that I had worked myself into a state of extreme sensory agitation. It was for this reason that upon J.'s entrance into my hideaway I immediately stood up to produce from underneath my cloak a long, cylindrical object, the function of which I was certain to be beyond J.'s comprehension.

"We are going to play a game, my sweet, a very wicked game," I explained to the startled J. as I fondled the slim glass container I had just taken from its hiding place in my garments. "First, you will sit here on the ground opposite me, just so." J. was fully under my powers and could do naught but obey.

As I continued caressing the clear vessel that was to be the instrument of my seduction, I told J. how we would each, in our turn, give this object several rotations, and when this movement was completed, he who had initiated the action was to place a kiss upon the lips of whomever the container pointed to.

I thereupon proceeded to rotate the bottle and was much distressed when it halted with its slender neck pointing to myself. Deciding to heedlessly usurp the rules a trifle, I quickly gave the vessel another several rotations, only to have it indicate a nearby *Begonia semper-florens*. J., now being utterly in my command, made no protest when I insisted on a third successive turn.

On this occasion the bottle halted as I had calculated, whereupon I stepped

continued

assuredly toward J., my virgin lips anticipating osculation. J. interrupted this advance with the words "This is what I think of your game, twit," followed by a smart blow to my noggin with the heretofore vessel of seduction. Her independence and determination only served to fuel my heated passion, and as I passed into unconsciousness I knew the first warm discharge of my Manhood.

MORE GAMES AND AN ANATOMY LESSON

Many were the times thereafter when J. and I would frolic on the grounds and amongst the rooms and corridors of Grandfather's estate. Now J. dictated the nature of our play, and such was the degree of my enamoration that I offered no resisting word.

Frequently, J.'s sister, T., two years her senior, would join us in our sport, and these times were among the most memorable of all. For reasons I cannot now recall, Lord and Lady N. had forbade J. from playing with dollies, and the thus deprived daughter had recompensed and fulfilled her girlish instincts by costuming and playing with T. much as she would have done a dolly. T. greatly enjoyed this role, taking delight in wetting freely and saying "Ma-Ma," and would often continue wearing the dolly garments even on days when the sisters did not play this game.

The beauteous sisters were eager for me to join this amusement, and shortly we determined that J. and I were to assume parental roles and T. that of our "sibling." We then proceeded to perform various fantasies of adulthood, such as my "returning home" after a successful round of golf and helping J. refinish a night stand for her Junior League project, whilst T. received from me a sound thrashing on her delightfully bare bottom for emptying a can of walnut stain all over Chequers.

In those blissful moments when we were unaccompanied, J. and I took great

enjoyment in the exploration of our respective anatomies. I ached to caress J.'s most private parts, so unlike my own, but did not wish to succumb to the ill pursuits of whoresons and rakehells and so offend this fair child. I contented myself with lavishing my kisses on her exquisite ankle.

Meantimes I would, by verbal hints and bodily movements, attempt inference that J. was at liberty to explore my doodle and my Fanny. She did confess, however, to an unnatural attraction to ears and so spent this time indulging her fetish by pulling and tugging at my exterior auditory adornments. Though at this time I quite enjoyed any touch from J., and so permitted her this freedom, I have come to oft regret my permissiveness in view of the somewhat peculiar enlargement of these twin bodily members caused by her fetishistic actions of the time. Ah, but banish the thought—what are two ears for one love?

DEPARTURE * MISSIVES MATRIMONY

No matter how omnipotent I felt my powers to be in that mad summer, I could not halt fleeting time. For her part, J. considerably made our parting as painless as could be by not inflicting me with her stirring presence over the last few days before I took my sad leave.

But as the duration of our separation increased, I found that the flood tide of my ardour had not abated one scintilla. I attempted dalliance with other young maidens whom I encountered at the military outpost where Father was then stationed, but their rejections were not half so impassioned or arousing as those of the fiery J. It was only after a considerable period of frustration at finding another woman-child to share my company that I confronted my amorous stultification and communicated my emotions to J.

Dearest J. (I wrote):

Remember me? I met you four years

ago at Grandpa's house. How have you been? Fine, I hope. I am lonely. There aren't many kids around here to play with, especially girls. I like you. Will you be my pen pal?

Your friend,
David

It soon came apparent that J. was able to grasp the ardent feeling that I had suggested between the lines of my purposely understated communication, as not many weeks later I was the recipient of this response:

Hi-Ho,

Been wondering where you had got yourself to. Thought maybe you dug a hole and fell in. Everything's cool as a cucumber and loose as a goose around here. Lots of neat-o things going on. I'm busy as a bee and twice as crazy. Ha-ha (that's a joke, son). Why don't you make like a fisherman and drop me a line. See you 'round, like a doorknob.

SWAK,
J.

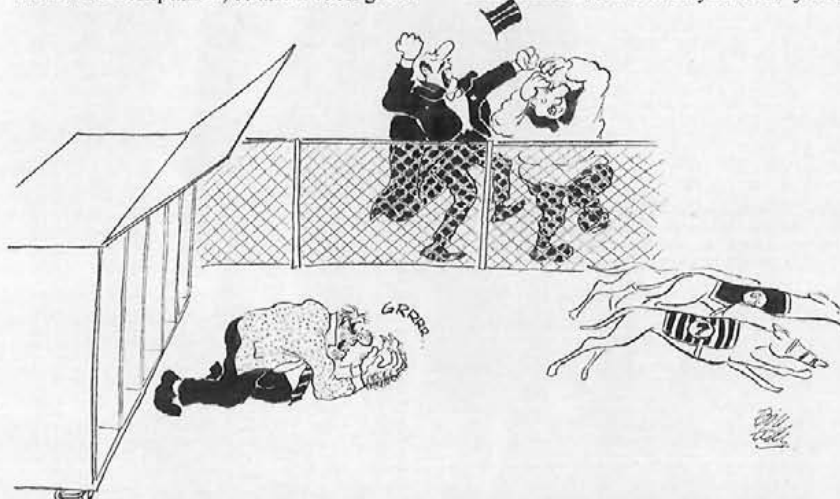
I also could interpret the deeper sentiments behind otherwise innocent lines and realized that J. shared my passion and was as much made melancholy by our separation as was I. Although I knew I could keep my emotions in check, I was aware that women, in the throes of unbounded amorous frustration, were oft driven to extreme measures—even, dare I say, suicide.

Fearing the tragic consequences should our situation continue, and being unable to devise any alternative with which to bring us together again, I decided that J. and I must be joined in Holy Matrimony. This sincere desire notwithstanding, such nuptials (so I thought then) would also furnish me with the opportunity to exercise a fantasy of childhood, when in my perverted lust I longed to have my roguish way with the wondrously pure brides on the video programme "Bride and Groom."

As was the male custom, I took the initiative and communicated my intentions to Lord N., and that gentleman immediately acceded to my request for the hand of J. Grandfather having sometime past raised Lord N. from an obscure governmental position, the least "repayment" N. could offer my Forebear was to give of his youngest daughter to his patron's grandson. And so it was that in December of 196- J. and I took our Marital Vows and she, at last, accepted my kiss.

RETURN TO THE CAPITAL * SPRING PROM

Previous to the time of our nuptial ceremony, J.'s father had ascended to the high position in the national government that Grandfather had formerly held. Accordingly, J. proposed that we consummate our marriage at the site of



"Clear favorite, and the full moon comes out a fraction of a second late!"

our initial encounter. I concurred, even though this meant waiting some weeks before Lord N. actually came to inhabit the Capital estate.

During this celibate interim J. also put forward the idea that we should perform the consummation in some manner that would be truly exceptional. I thereupon proposed that we costume ourselves as two characters from another of my favourite video programmes, with me as Buffalo Bob and J. as Princess Summerfallwinterspring, and frolic in the sheets accompanied by a tape recording of gleefully screaming children.

J. thought this not exceptional enough (though we did disport in such manner subsequently) and was sore-pressed for a more provocative stratagem until we attended the Grand Ball honoring Lord N.'s ascension to his office. "I've got it," she exclaimed, of a sudden, "we'll have a ball of our very own."

I realized this as a splendid device from the outset. I had much enjoyed attending "proms" in my youth and oft had wondered at what it must be like to attend such an affair in the company of one of the opposite sex. On these occasions in my adolescence I could usually be found in some faraway corner, my thoughts conjuring a vision in which I was the solitary male at a festive ball, alone with all of the women there and free to waltz with whom and whenever I chose and otherwise to have my way with these superbly begowned ladies; and more, to be able to proceed to the refreshment table without others impeding my way, there to quaff punch till my thirst was sated and partake freely of the abundant sugar-festooned pastries until I was gorged utterly.

Such was my reverie, and my satisfaction was immense when it was fulfilled at the Capital estate. I called for J. at her rooms at the appointed hour of 7:45 P.M., finding her radiant in a strapless satin gown with a tight, heart-shaped bodice and flared, full skirt. The whole garment was swathed in layers of fine netting, and the ensemble was punctuated with a wrist corsage of magnificent white orchids that I presented her. (I, meantime, was attired in the customary outfit of snow-white dinner jacket with red carnation boutonniere, black trousers with satin side-stripe, topped by a matched Scotch plaid cummerbund and bow tie.) I escorted J. belowstairs where an officer of the Secret Service, in our hire for the occasion, accepted our specially printed tickets and placed a stamp upon our hands to signify that we had "paid."

We then entered the mansion's East Room, which we had ordered decorated with gaily coloured crepe streamers, arranged in a canopy effect at the centre of which was a large sequin-dappled silver ball that glittered and sparkled

prettily, and the whole setting was bathed in a warm magenta glow. On an elevated platform at one end of the room sat the finest orchestration in the land, the musical contingent known as the Mellowtones, whom we had rewarded royally for the task of performing the popular tune "Old Cape Cod" for five hours in succession.

As in my fantasy, I had no males with whom to vie for the attention of the women present (symbolized by J.), and we waltzed many times to the orchestra's tune. Whilst we danced, my full sensual faculties were stirred by the closeness of J., by the intoxicating scent of her cologne, by the touch of her heavily lacquered hair as my hand glided over it. From time to time I would slyly let my right hand "slip" down J.'s back to cup her wondrous Fanny, and she would be so stimulated by my action that she felt the need to back away.

In between dances we two would dash around to the several floorside tables and snatch up all the favours—drinking goblets with the inscription "Spring Hop 1957"—and these I would secret on my person. There was also a huge fifteen-gallon vat filled with a mixture of juices from numerous fruits, which we and we alone might drink, and mounds of tiny sugared cookies and coconut macaroons for us to plunder.

J. in fact did so enjoy our heady charade that she insisted that we execute it to the furthest logical extent, which meant that I was to escort her to her chamber door, bid her good-night, shake her hand, and take my leave. I agreed that it would be unfortunate to disrupt the elegant symmetry of the evening and executed my role to perfection, whereupon I carried my character yet another step and went off to become

quite inebriated in the company of some nonexistent "boys."

PAIN AND PLEASURE

Having read avidly and widely among the works of de Sade and Sacher-Masoch at an earlier age, I now conceived of a means by which I might achieve some physical satisfaction while awaiting the suitable time for our True Consummation.

My role in this enticing masquerade was to "sneak" into J.'s suite, shoes in hand, as if this were the bedroom of our Family Home and I was returning overlate after gambling away our rainy-day money in a rowdy session of Crazed Eights. J., fitted out as per my suggestion in a quilted housecoat, shaggy slip-on bedroom slippers, and many hair rollers, then "discovered" my entry. Ordering me, as planned, to remove all my garments, J. snatched a pillow we had set conveniently at hand and began to thrash me about the buttocks and thighs.

Blow upon blow rained upon these tender, sensitive parts, until so great was the exquisite pain that I quickly witnessed the warm and pleasant evidence that my original goal had indeed been gained. J. then confessed that her beating actions and the viewing of my resultant ecstatic agony had greatly stimulated her senses also. I quickly offered to exchange roles, but J. only responded with her merry laugh and called me by one of her racy pet nicknames, "Ding-Dong."

AQUATIC THRILLS

In my boyhood I had viewed several cinematic depictions of the social affairs known commonly as "beach parties," and so was quite cognizant of the amorous inducements of aquatic settings. Confidant in this knowledge, I proposed to J. that we make use of the estate's

continued



"That's a terribly tacky uniform. You look like you've gained weight . . . my, how you've aged . . . I understand your brother is making a lot of money . . ."

continued

indoor swimming pool and she, though ignorant of my true design, concurred.

As further enticement to sensual provocation, I arranged that the pool be filled to the brim with French's Bleu Cheese Dip and the sides piled high with Fritos, full knowing that the combination of these two delicacies led J. to a state of veritable ecstasy. Immediately upon glimpsing my preparations, J. uttered a low moan of sheerest delight as she undid the knotted sash of her imprisoning cloth robe and let drop the simple garment to stand before me, naked except for her Jantzen one-piece bathing outfit.

Quickly she dove into the pool, with me in close pursuit, and there we frolicked with abandon. J. would grasp many Fritos from a stack nearby, smother them in the rich cheese mixture, and take several into her delicate mouth in one lustful gulp. I instructed J. on the more stimulating practice of deftly flicking the tongue into the small curvature of the Frito to let the tender buds on the very tip bask in the sensory glow, and then proceed to removing the rest of the spicy liquid with slow and gentle laps until, when the body could no longer resist temptation, the whole was downed with a single shudder of rapture. I then watched as J. gleefully followed suit and became greatly aroused by the eager ravishing action of her elegant tongue and the sight of the excess soft, white liquid dribbling down her most perfect chin and slender throat.

"Come, my sweet," I said at last, "there is more to my scheme than such simple play," and gently sat J. on an empty spot aside the pool. "Ooooh, for a Shirley Temple with a Maraschino cherry," she cooed breathlessly as I urged her to lay back against the tile and took my place by her side, both of

us still drenched with dip.

"Enough of these artificial treats," I intoned, brushing aside several hundred Fritos to provide us more room. "Each of us will now remove the remaining mixture from the other with the same tonguing action that I have just demonstrated to you." This pleased J. exceedingly, and shortly I felt her by-now-expert tongue softly lapping its way upward from my lower extremities, as mine did likewise upon her. With passionate urgency she worked along my limbs, and my anticipation at the pleasure soon to come led me to lick even more fervently, as I reached now her snowy white thigh.

Lustful fervor welled up deep within me, and suddenly my loins were anointed in the unmistakable explosive rush of warming moisture. J. had overindulged in cheese dip and regurgitated upon my legs. I quickly rang the estate physician, who prescribed for J. a lengthy bed-rest, alone.

SPORTING LIFE

T. was also in residence at her father's estate in the Capital during this time and once again did often join J. and me in our amusements. Both T. and J. knew of my avid interest in sporting games and of my idolization of sports heroes, and they gave me a most wonderful "gift" on my birth date in the year 197-

It was still early in the morning of that day when I awoke with a start at the sound of a stirring martial air coming over the mansion intercom. Just then the door to my chamber burst open and J. marched smartly in, costumed as a drum majorette complete with high-plumed hat and silver baton. She was followed by T., who had adorned herself as a cheerleader, wearing the briefest of flaring pleated skirts and a snug pull-

over sweater emblazoned with my first initial.

They paraded awhile about the room, with J. stepping so high in her tasseled booties that the delectably soft, rounded bottoms of her Fanny did peek from out her short-pantsed costume. T. meantime leapt off the floor and shouted "YEA, TEAM!" and shook her red-white-and-blue pompons most vigorously, whilst I dipped my head downward to attempt a glimpse of her delicate panties, just as I had done so many times when attending football and basketball games.

And then, their marching done, the luscious sisters plunged into my very bed! I had long dreamed of cavorting so with a drum majorette, or even an actual cheerleader, but never had I dared envision having both concurrently. It was indeed a birth date to remember!

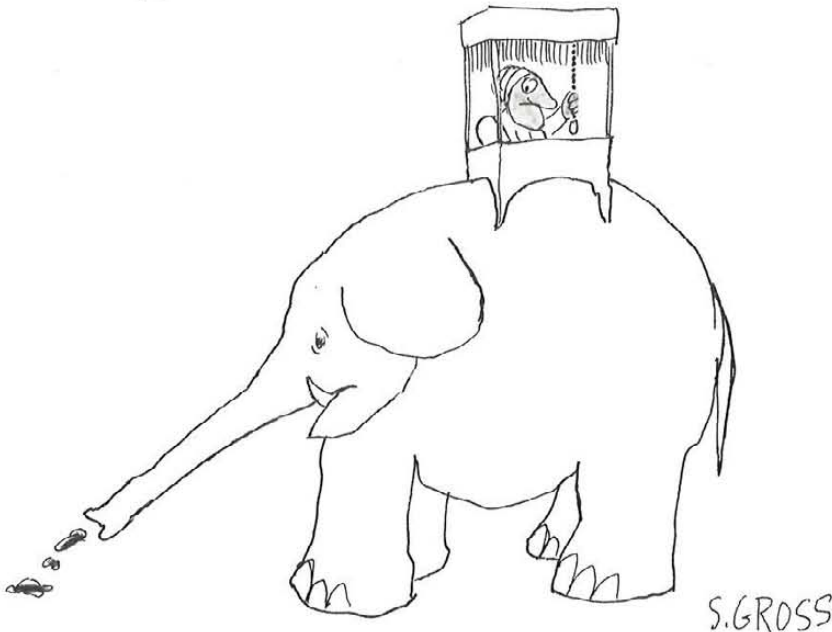
Once they were upon me there followed the most remarkable contortions that ever I imagined possible. At first J. was at my head playfully striking me with her baton, whilst T. at the other end flicked my feet with her pompons. Next I knew they were both astride me tickling my ribs through my bedclothes. Then J. was underneath and T. on top, then I was atop both, then T. atop J. whilst I was on the floor, then J. and I on the bed whilst T. was in the water closet, then my head was at J.'s feet and T.'s head was at my feet, with her feet at J.'s head and J.'s head at my feet. . . .

In my giddy excitement over having such dreams realized, I had not had a clear moment to consider the full amorous possibilities of my present situation. Just as I began to form a course of seduction in my mind, the sisters jumped off my bed, marched once more 'round the room, stopped at the door to shout "YEA, TEAM!" again and exited. I was in such a state of excitement that I rushed immediately to my bureau to draw out all my collected photographs of drum majorettes and cheerleaders.

CONCLUSION

As I sit here, transcribing these erotic memoirs, J. reclines not fifteen feet away serenely working on a needlepoint, ignorant of the true purpose of my diligent scribbling. Recalling all that has passed, I am once again stirred, and look at J. now and grow eager in the anticipation of the treasures that await me beneath her Puritan rust-coloured V-necked pullover, her crisp white Ship 'n Shore blouse, her light tan Villager print skirt, her Warner nylon tricort slip, her Bali long-line brassiere, her Fortex underarm protection shields, her Vanity Fair pantie girdle, her Hanes seamless stockings with reinforced heel, her Lollipop lace-trimmed panties, and her Thom McAn penny loafers.

I shall here end this long tale of my secret life. □

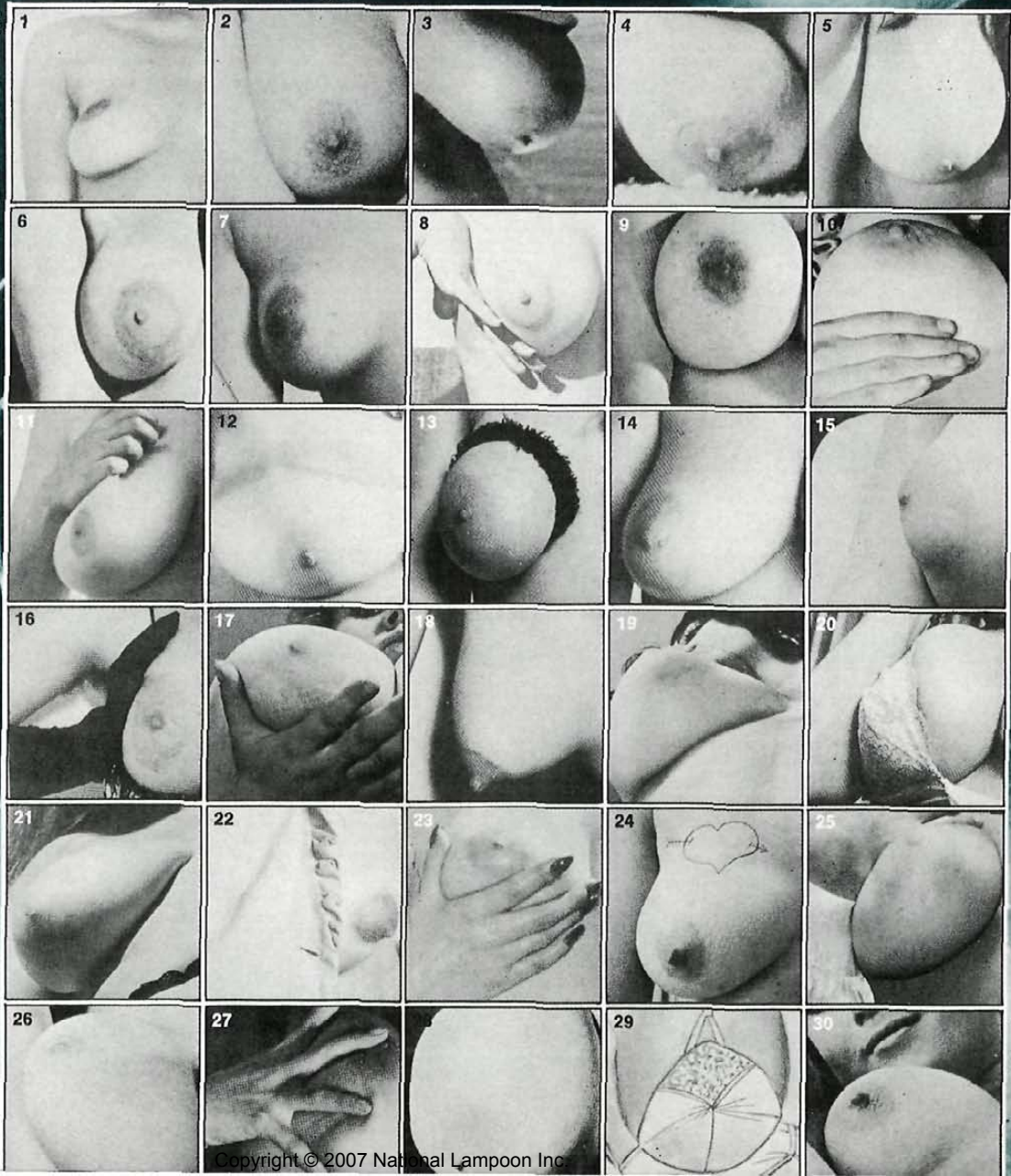




The Breast Game

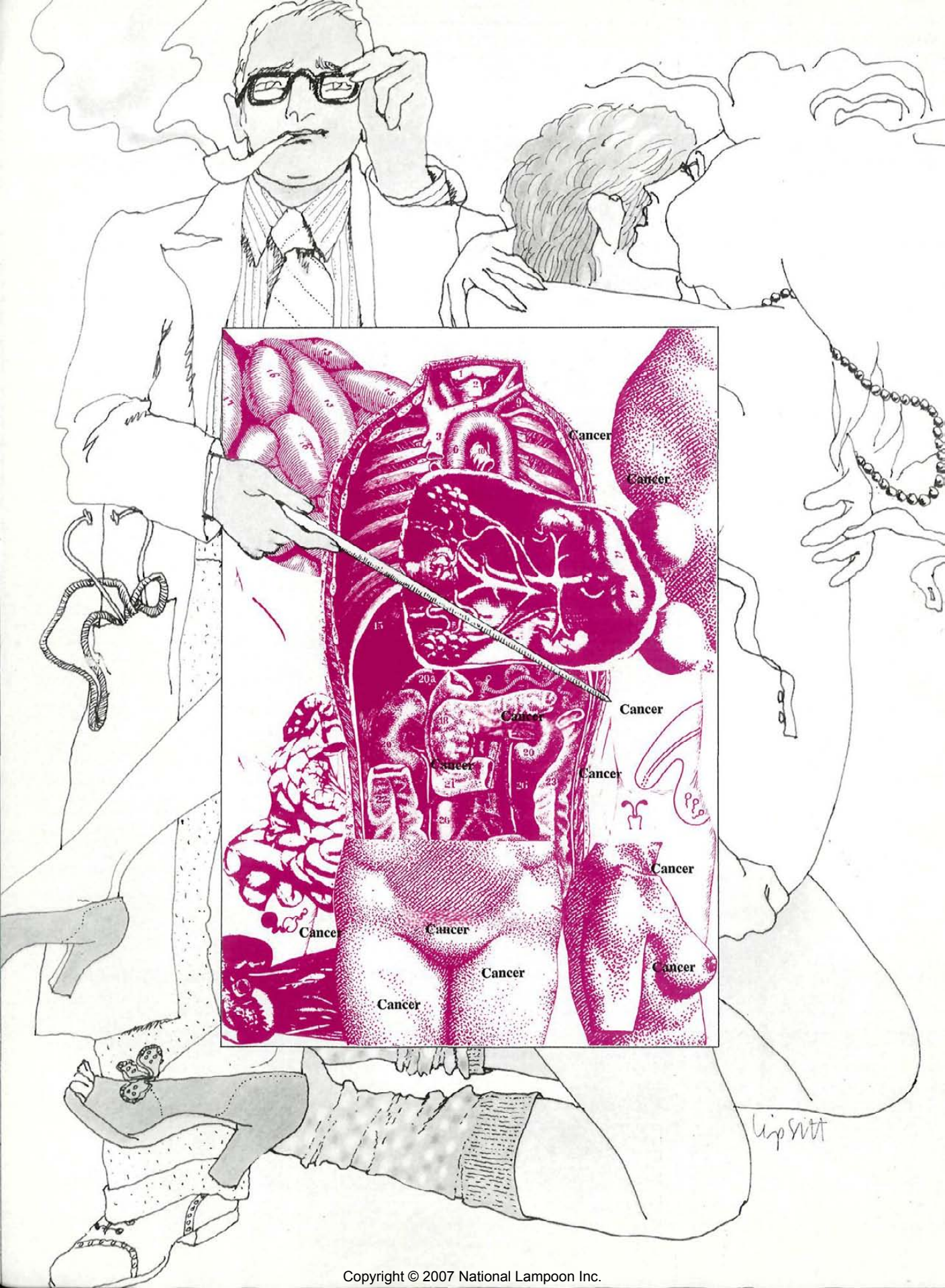
by Topor

One and one make two, but two breasts don't necessarily make a bosom. The object of this amusing—and instructive!—game is to match the mamaries on the left-hand page (1–30) with their mates on the right-hand page (A–DD). For example, 7 and M are a pectoral pair, so you should write the number 7 next to the letter M, or vice versa, if you're that sort of person. When you've matched all the mastoids, check your choices with the answers printed upside down on the right-hand page and give yourself a point for every correct callimastian combination. (Note: use a soft pencil so you can erase and give your friends a chance to pit their wits against the tits!) Sound simple? You bet! But watch out! Some are trickier than udders!



1V, 2J, 3BB, 4S, 5I, 6K, 7M,
8P, 9Y, 10CC, 11D, 12F, 13Q,
14Z, 15AA, 16R, 17U, 18H, 19L,
20B, 21DD, 22C, 23T, 24E, 25G,
26O, 27X, 28W, 29N, 30A





Everything you always wanted to know about sex*

Explained by John Boni, M.D.

*AREN'T YOU SORRY YOU ASKED?

How big is the normal penis?

Ah! The big question. Preoccupation with penis size is the most distinctive and destructive characteristic of American sexual life. This is on the top of everybody's list of questions they were sorry they asked, and it shouldn't be because it isn't important. Generally, all penises are of normal length.

How big should the normal penis be?

Someone once asked Confucius how long his feet should be, and the wise old philosopher answered, "Long enough to keep you from bumping into things." A normal penis should be big enough to do the job of depositing Mr. Sperm into the watchamacallit so that it meets Miss Egg and makes a baby.

But how big is that?

Obviously, everyone's must be big enough because a tiny-penis race couldn't have survived. On the average, though, the normal adult-male penis is six and one quarter inches from base to tip in its tumescent state. When erect it should measure approximately twelve inches, but slight variations bring this figure down to eleven inches and up as high as thirteen—certainly not unlucky for that organ's owner. The diameter of the penis rarely varies much either way from the standard two and a half inches.

You said something about size not being important?

Exactly the point I want to make. It's performance that counts. Even men with only nine inches to their credit manage

an adequate sex life with an understanding partner and some easily available artificial aids.

What is an erection?

An erection is nothing more than a reflex action, like the knee-jerk response, but don't go around hitting your penis with a little rubber hammer every time you want one. Some slight penile stimulation, like rubbing or stroking, is enough to bring a soggy organ to life. The brain has nothing to do with it. Publishers of nudie magazines know this but publish tons of these "erotic" periodicals anyway. This is for the benefit of the poor, lonely unfortunates who have no one to rub their penises, and so they rub them with the magazines instead. It gives them an erection all right, but no magazine ever said, "I love you, Joe." You can't get an erection just by looking at something. If you do, get a checkup. You may have cancer.

How does an erection actually happen?

You shouldn't ask this question. Erection is such a delicate, complicated process that it makes a rocket launching look like child's play. It's a minor miracle that it happens at all, and each erection you get may well be your last. It all hinges on the general well-being of the body—a head cold, hangnail, indigestion, money worries, anything, and you can kiss your erection good-bye. As far as the actual mechanics, the less said the better. If you knew all that's involved and all that can go wrong, you'd never have an erection again.

What happens to the erection after intercourse?

Nothing. It should still be there, ready and waiting. Intercourse actually maintains the erection. The penis, after all, is a muscle, and muscles stay firm with exercise. Intercourse is the penis's exercise and maintains the erection long after intercourse or, more exactly, ejaculation, is completed. The biggest complaint I get is from men who sex it up during lunch hour: "How can I get my erection to go down after I've finished intercourse? I can't show up at the board meeting like this." Of course, this problem doesn't affect people who suffer from that sexual nightmare "neuresy."

Neuresy? What's that?

An unusual condition in which a man loses his erection once intercourse has been completed. As soon as he ejaculates, the erection disappears and his penis goes on a twenty-five- or thirty-minute vacation, resisting all attempts at arousal. Let Jim tell how it happened to him: "Well, Doc, I was always pretty good with the ladies. Y'know, nothing really special, but okay. This one night, though, I came off once and was ready to go right back in, just like I always do, when it . . . I mean . . . it just . . . folded on me, faded in the stretch. Me, who used to have trouble gettin' it down after two or three hours, y'know, just like everybody else, except maybe fags or gimps or something. I had to wait twenty minutes before it'd report for duty again." *continued*

With performances like that, Jim's popularity with the gals went down along with his organ. No lady wants to wait twenty minutes or more for a reluctant penis to recharge itself after each session.

What causes neuresy?

Frankly, no one knows, though cancer may be the culprit. Surgery can sometimes provide temporary relief in stubborn cases, but neuresy, like impotence, is usually irreversible. You can't teach a dead dog new tricks.

What about impotence?

Impotence is a very rare condition in which a man is unable to obtain any kind of erection at all. Real impotence is like natural blond hair—there's a lot less of it than meets the eye. Ninety-nine times out of one hundred, there's some other explanation: sloppy Swedish doctors, too much "extracurricular activity," unconscious dislike of the sex partner, latent homosexuality, excessive self-abuse, cancer, etc. I haven't run across a genuine case in over thirty years of practice, so forget about it.

I'd still like to know a bit more about it.

Well, so far as I know, there are only two kinds, but don't quote me—I'm not up on it (no pun intended). As I said, it is a very rare disorder, and most of the information I've been able to find on it comes from colleagues working in mental institutions, slum areas, and underdeveloped countries. The first kind is total impotence. Here, nothing works to produce an erection. All the ordinary stimuli—naked girls, magazines, paper bags, string, yogurt, etc.—have no effect on the bashful organ. A frustrating variation on this is the case in which a man carries his erection everywhere he goes—on buses, trains, walking down the street—but when he approaches a girl with an exposed whatzis, it drops dead on him.

The second kind of impotence is more tantalizing, to both partners. The erection is obtained and actually inserted, whereupon it collapses like a floppy sock. As with premature ejaculation, it's a case of another entrance examination flunked.

What is premature ejaculation?

There's a lot of confusion and misunderstanding over this condition because it is so difficult to distinguish from one of the main symptoms of degenerative paresis. It occurs when the man inserts his erect penis into the thingamabob and begins his first thrusting motion. Before you can say "Draw!" the man ejaculates. His anxious penis is so quick on the trigger that it fires prematurely and has nothing left for the showdown at the O.K. Corral.

How common is this condition?

It's practically unknown. Nature usually equips men with enough built-in controls to hold ejaculation at bay for as long as they want—five, ten, twenty, even forty minutes—in order to save it for a properly romantic moment, when his partner says it's okay, or when the phone rings. These are the same controls that keep a man from wetting the bed. A premature ejaculator is probably a bed wetter and at the very least needs some plumbing repairs.

How often should a man be able to have intercourse?

That depends upon how old he is. If you're talking about a normal man of average age, I'd have to say a minimum of five or six times a day.

What about a man in his fifties or sixties?

That's the age I'm talking about, and the intercourse rate is five or six times a day. This rate drops significantly to about twice a day when a man reaches seventy, but, frankly, a man's sexual powers disappear only when he's dead.

Are there any sexual problems for men in their forties?

Only one as far as I can see: a sexually exhausted wife.

Some men in their prime claim they can ejaculate about ten or twelve times a night. Is this a put-on?

Hardly. They're either being very modest or openly admitting a severe problem in this area. As most people know, fifteen or twenty times a night is about average. A good rule of thumb is approximately two ejaculations per penis inch (erect).

Is body size related to penile size?

Yes, and this is a good reason to stay slim. Nature compensates the very skinny person by endowing him with an excess of penile muscle. Obesity, on the other hand, causes the penis to shrink. All the body's metabolic juices are used up to support the bulk of the person's weight, and none are left to maintain the penis. Eventually, it disappears completely.

Then weight lifters and other musclemen must also have small penises?

On the contrary. That well-built neighbor or handsomely physiqued lifeguard your girl friend's been ogling probably has a gigantic penis to match his body. Being fat isn't the same as being muscular. Ask any woman. Of course, due to the hormone imbalance caused by excessive muscle tissue, most of these "flex" types are homosexuals.

What causes homosexuality?

That's like asking what causes a headache. Homosexuality has as many causes as the everyday skull-buster, and as many sufferers, and doctors know very

little about either disorder. From a medical standpoint, the only real difference between the two is that people usually don't go around saying, "Boy, am I a homosexual!"

What are the most common causes?

Basically, anything that upsets the delicate hormone balance will do the trick, and it doesn't take much. It could be something physiological, like too little sleep or, for that matter, too much sleep; it could be primarily a chemical cause, like drinking excessive amounts of coffee or eating too many high-soda-content foods, like saltine crackers; or there could be a psychological factor, like having a bullying older sister or being passed over for a promotion; or it could even be something as simple as an undiagnosed allergy to corduroy. An increase of four parts per million of the wrong hormone is normally all it takes, which, put another way, is like having one too many bridge teams in a state the size of Delaware.

Can someone be a homosexual and not know it?

Definitely. As a matter of fact, genetically speaking, all males are latent homosexuals since their sexual makeup is determined by one male and one female chromosome, but that doesn't mean that every man in the world is itching to open a sandal shop. As Freud pointed out, most men are content to live out their homosexual desires in their dreams, and if you've ever dreamed of towers, hydrants, or trains going into tunnels, don't worry—it's only your homosexual alter ego doing his thing. Only when these natural inclinations spill over into your waking life do problems arise.

What about the hymen?

There are several ways to tell when this has happened, but with homosexuality, like cancer, the more obvious the symptom, the less time there is to act. Doctors don't agree on the earliest symptoms, but I look for white spots under the fingernails, too little bodily hair, a high voice, excessive tiredness, irritation over small details, and persistent dandruff. People who try to smell their own breath, suppress sneezes, or have difficulty containing flatulence are probably in the first stages, but it is usually difficult to get reliable answers to questions as personally embarrassing as these.

What role does the hymen play?

In later stages, usually after the "point of no return," the more familiar signs are apparent: obsessive leg-crossing, a penchant for colorful or "funny" clothes, a preference for girls' "mixed drinks" over "straight" liquor, and so on. Often men try, consciously and unconsciously, to disguise their tendencies, so don't be fooled by the guy who is always bor-

rowing your copy of *Playboy* or suggesting a Swedish movie—he may be hiding his real urges behind a smoke-screen of virility. A good example of this is the rugged football player who gets a pat on his firm-muscled buttock after he races down the field in an exquisitely sensual demonstration of his beautiful body's physical capacities, causing deliciously salty beads of perspiration to form within the bulging crags and crevices of his throbbing thighs. It's almost certainly a homosexual act, but it's disguised as a masculine congratulatory pat. In reality, both the pater and the pattee are probably queer and may not know it.

Is the hymen important?

In extreme, but by no means uncommon, cases, homosexuals marry to hide their "forbidden" lust from themselves or from their friends. Either way, their wives are always the last to know.

What about the clitoris?

The hymen! That staunch guardian of chastity just behind the sexual door. For so long now it's been ingrained in our culture to claim that a punctured hymen indicates loss of virginity that all attempts to erase this impression have had little effect on some and have confused others. To set the record straight: a missing or broken hymen means a girl is NOT a virgin. How else can you tell? Certainly not by taking the word of a ruined girl, who'll usually say anything to avoid punishment. All this nonsense about bicycle riding, pole-vaulting, climbing trees, etc., are old wives' tales designed to keep girls from enjoying these pursuits for fear that they could lead to tomboyism.

Is masturbating wrong or harmful?

I'm reminded of the old story about the parent who caught his son masturbating in the bathroom:

Father (*ominously*): You keep doing that and you'll go blind.

Son: Then I'll do it just until I need glasses.

This humorous anecdote is indicative of the misinformation about the Solitary Sport. Masturbating isn't wrong. It will do nothing to your eyes, your ears, nose, or throat; nor will it cause hair to grow on the palms. If anything, and the evidence on this is by no means conclusive, masturbation may, in some cases, inflict a mild insanity upon the habitual, penis-pumpers. Besides this negligible drawback, masturbation weakens the penis somewhat. Each masturbatory act is equivalent to ten bouts of intercourse. Since each man is allowed only about ten thousand ejaculations per lifetime, it would be well to teach the young, apprentice masturbator to begin counting, or at least to start parceling them out to best advantage. Personally, I reject

the ten-thousand figure as much too low. The amount is probably closer to twenty thousand, using the two-thousand-per-penile-inch (erect) guideline. Women, on the other hand, can have as many orgasms as they can handle.

How can you tell if a woman has had an orgasm?

For openers, don't ask the woman, because she'll lie to you every time. Instead, look for the slight rash that shows up on a woman's feet immediately after orgasm. If you're performing in the dark, though, you won't be able to spot this telltale skin-change. For my money, the surest way is aural. All women say things like "Oh! Oh! Oh!" or "Oh my God!" as they experience orgasm. Some go "Brrrr," as if shivering from the pleasant sensation. If your partner doesn't moan and/or groan like this, then she hasn't experienced orgasm and is probably a Lesbian or just saving it up for that lifeguard. In one case I know of, the girl was dead.

How many kinds of orgasm are there?

Two: vaginal and clitoral. There has been a great deal of nonsense written in recent years about vaginal orgasm being a myth, but it's all hogwash. A woman should either have vaginal orgasm or a hysterectomy; if she can't have the first, she'd better have the second in a hurry.

What about cunnilingus and fellatio?

With today's liberal attitudes toward sex, many people freely engage in practices that were once considered immoral, sinful, and unnatural. I see no reason why these practices shouldn't be part of every person's sexual repertoire, pro-

vided they can adequately bear up under the unavoidable guilt feelings such perversions cause. Then, too, there is the aesthetic factor to be considered. If the man can withstand the unpleasant, fishy, and acrid odor during cunnilingus, fine. As for fellatio, there is some evidence, still incomplete and fragmentary, of a link between oral sex and lip cancer. And as an odd footnote to the fluoride controversy of the fifties, a Finnish doctor has discovered that concentrations of fluoride five times higher than the amount required to cause cancer in the gonads of laboratory mice regularly occur in the human mouth for roughly an hour after brushing with most commercial toothpastes. A word to the wise!

Is there such a thing as an aphrodisiac?

Yes, and I suppose that uppermost in everyone's mind is Spanish fly, the schoolboy's legendary dream chemical. There are others, like cow urine, common thermometer mercury, and pond scum, but none is as powerful as Spanish fly. In humans, one-tenth of one gram is enough to "turn on" the most frigid female; a larger amount spells sexual catastrophe, as evidenced by the insatiable lust of a certain young lady who was fed one gram of the stuff and impaled herself to death attempting intercourse with the gearshift of a 1961 Volkswagen. Of course, everybody's heard that old chestnut of a story a thousand times from a thousand different sources, but I knew the girl personally.

Are some foods sexier than others?

Eat an oyster and watch a limp organ bounce to life. . . . Create the penis of your dreams with an olive sandwich. . . . Unfortunately, this isn't the case. Foods

continued



continued

like sausages, celery, carrots, i.e., foods "shaped" like the penis—especially bananas and raw snake—are the ones that will increase penile length and endurance. It's as simple as that. Oysters, shrimp, olives—all that is a lot of bunk. A simple guideline is "Like breeds like," unless you find an oyster shaped like a penis.

Is it possible to tell penis size without seeing it?

A fascinating sidelight of a recent head-cold symposium was the discovery that the length of a man's nose corresponded to the length of his penis. A long or prominent nose indicated a below-average penis, while a small- or "button-" nosed individual usually had a penis above the average. Just remember: big nose, little hose; big hose, little nose. Actually, a more exact method is to measure the distance of a man's open, outstretched hand from thumb tip across the palm to pinkie tip and multiply by two; also, four times the length of a man's tongue will give you his exact penis length (erect). (Be sure the tongue is also erect when you measure it.)

As for men who'd like an idea of the size of a woman's doohickey, look to the lips. A big mouth means a big you-know-what.

Is saltpeter an antiaphrodisiac?

Yes, but its distinctive, bitter taste is immediately recognizable in every food or drink imaginable except potatoes. So, unless it's in the potatoes, you can spot it right away.

What effect does childbirth have on sex?

Children do have a habit of hanging around every time their parents are in the mood. Outside of that, however, the damage of childbirth has been completed. A baby is much larger than a penis, and at birth it stretches the woman's gismo on the way out. The husband's poor penis flounders around inside, like a BB in a boxcar, and neither partner feels a thing. Sex then becomes pointless. Nature, however, again compensates by decreeing that childbirth permanently ruin the figure and speed up the aging process, making the mother less desirable.

Is it possible to become pregnant without intercourse?

A woman's body is a wonderfully designed reproductive machine where all roads lead to the uterus—so to speak. Pregnancy can occur through anal penetration, after accidental fellatio, or by picking up a stray sperm from a toilet seat. Just like mononucleosis, only from sexual contact. Myths like toilet infection or locker-room epidemics are as silly as the notion that mono can be caused by overwork or exhaustion. Obviously, it's easy to see how stories like

these get started. Unfortunately, a great deal of misinformation, fear, and superstition surround the whole subject. It is true that as far as syphilis in males is concerned, the only effective cure is actual removal of the organ, but the operation is painless and safe, and important advances have been made in this interesting branch of prosthetics. Gonorrhea, however, is by far the most common form of VD, and a series of shots no more troublesome than the treatment for rabies is almost 100 percent effective in most cases. For severe cases, acetylene baths, napalm salve, electroflam treatments, or a light dusting with white phosphorus is all that is required. Of course, such treatments are of no use if the disease isn't caught quickly. Regular checkups are the only sure method of finding a VD infection, but, as a general rule, 99 percent of all underwear discomfort, including itching and "riding up," is caused by VD. Another simple, and almost foolproof, method is to eat asparagus: if your urine has an odd odor during the following twelve-hour period, get to a doctor right away.

Does VD only affect sexual organs?

No, some sexual adventurers have been known to contract syphilis of the lips, tongue, and even tonsils. Fetishists report a high incidence of syphilis of the toes. VD in these areas is rarely as serious but can be embarrassing. For example, unless you're an artist, you're going to have a hard time explaining a missing ear.

Are there any other kinds of VD besides these two?

You bet. One in particular is called chancroid, an innocuous name in view of the damage it does. In the early stages, the chancroid penis becomes riddled with holes. Urination is accomplished in a spraylike drizzle. This might be fine for watering a plant, but it's terrible on the wardrobe. In the second stage the testicles begin to shrink. Sores form on the penis, which fills up with dead cells and pustules. If any of this pus comes in contact with your body or someone else's, it's skin-rot time. In the final stages the sufferer can get a job as a pile of oily rags or a compost heap.

Is it better to have sex with a virgin?

Most experts generally agree that it's better, and healthier, but also a lot noisier. Virgins tend to scream and yell and cry during their first intercourse. Just say things like "I love you" or "We'll get married as soon as Dad says I'm old enough," and she'll calm down considerably. About the only drawback is the high death-rate of virgins during their first intercourse—about 4 percent in the U.S., far higher than the rates in Scandinavian countries.

Is circumcision desirable?

Yes and no. Circumcision usually results in a severe loss of penile length. However, failure to circumcise a penis can result in cancer, in which case the penis must be removed surgically. The choice is in your hands.

Are some people more sexually potent than others?

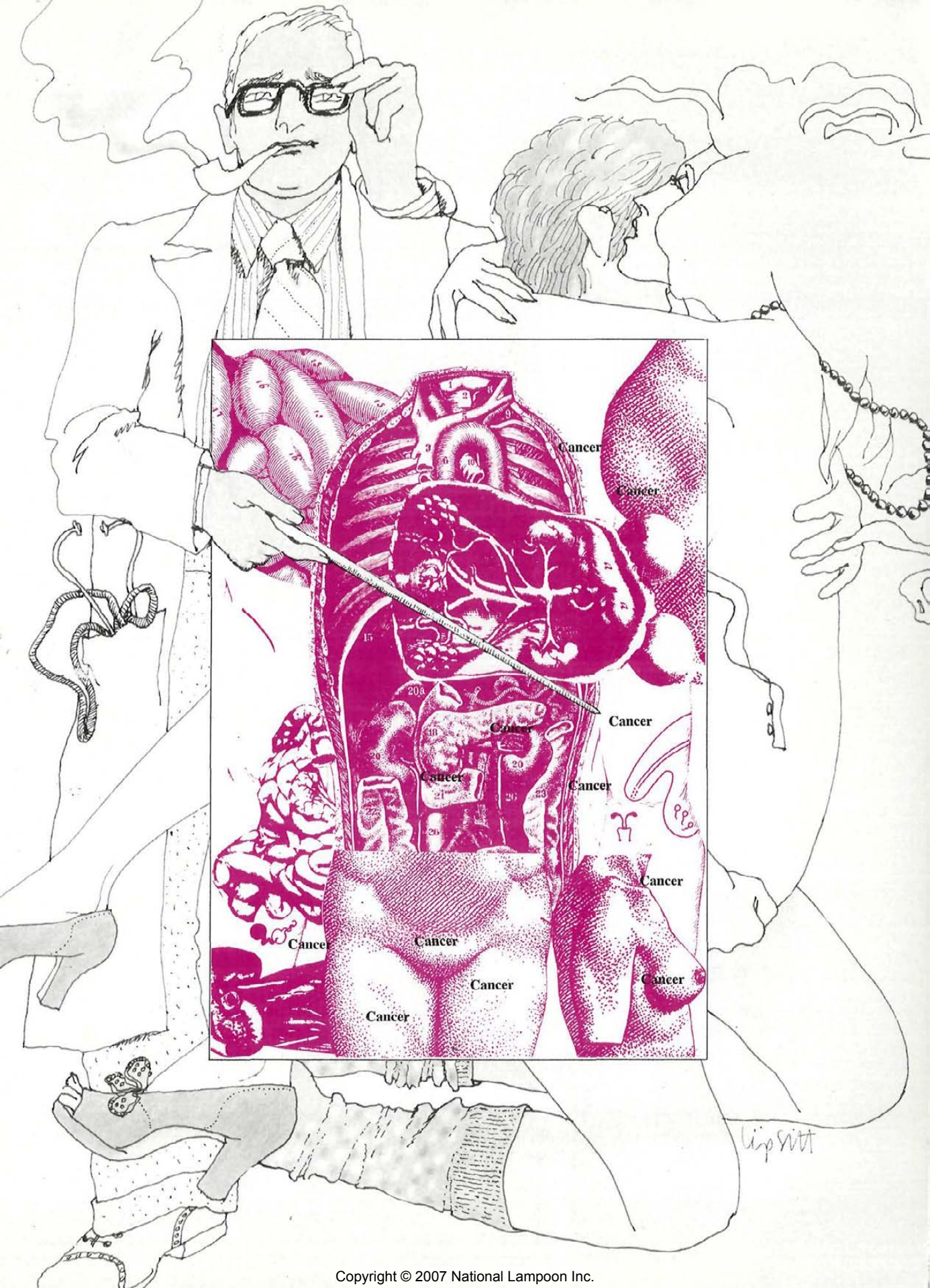
Sexually speaking, the blacks can just about double anything their white counterparts have to offer, especially in penis length. One of my patients, Amos T——, a black man from New York City, was laughed out of Harlem when it was discovered he had only a twelve-inch penis. This sexual supremacy is the reason why blacks are usually laughing and grinning and seem to be always having a better time of it despite their oppression. This potency is also responsible for their occasional arrogance and sassiness, as well as their increasing popularity.

Who enjoys intercourse more—men or women?

That's like asking which came first, the chicken or the egg. It's a question that just can't be answered, and, frankly, it's most often asked by men with feelings of sexual inferiority or doubts about their virility. After all, men and women derive sexual pleasure from different sources, and how can you compare what a woman feels when her earlobes are whipped with, say, what a man feels when his nostrils are filled with room-temperature cheese dip? Should the characteristic "orgasm flashback" that most normal men experience ten to twenty minutes after orgasm be included? Does a woman's periodic "vomit of Venus" count?

As you can see, the whole thing is silly. It all depends on the individual. A more sensible question for a man to ask would be, Is she enjoying it too much? If your female partner seems to be enjoying it a lot more than you are, there's something wrong—with her, not you—and you should consult your doctor. Of course, since all healthy couples achieve orgasm simultaneously, it may be a little hard to tell who's enjoying what, but concentrate—it's very important. Just as the praying mantis kills her mate during intercourse to heighten her pleasure, the overly responsive female can kill you. She is almost always suffering from cancer of the cervix, which, though not usually contagious, can be transferred through repeated close contact with exceptionally sensitive skin areas, like the tongue or the glans of the penis. My advice is to get a sample of her uterine cells—it's a delicate matter, but I'm sure you can find some way to sneak a sanitary napkin out—and have a doctor perform an analysis. Then, to paraphrase Ogden Nash, the next time she calls,

If it's cancer
Don't answer. □



GROUPIES FOR EVERYONE

by John Weidman and Anne Beatts

Remember when you first heard about groupies—the kinky little chicks who do it at the drop of a mike? Your reaction was probably a combination of revulsion, disgust, and incredible envy. Maybe you even thought about giving up your promising career in reupholstering, and picking up a secondhand guitar.

Well, don't. In an astonishing development that's got sociologists buzzing, another sort of groupie is beginning to surface. Turned off to the world of marijuana, motel rooms, and mind-shattering music, the new groupie is searching for different kinds of kicks. "Hitting on musicians was groovy for a while," says one member of the new breed, "but then I got hip to the fact that the world is full of freaky cats with far-out life-styles. Like, right now my girl friends and I are into notary publics, and it's a really beautiful trip. And when we turn off them, who knows? I mean there's brain surgeons, brakemen, CPAs, dipsomaniacs, sandhogs, amputees, substitute teachers, truck farmers, mutes, Mormons, basketball referees . . ."

Wanda Wildlife "I started out, like most chicks, trying to make it with rock stars, but all I ever got to show for it was a chance to take Mick's German shepherd out for a walk. Three times around the block and I realized I was grooving more on the dog than I ever could on Mick. Since then I've made it with most of the animals in the business. I've been skinny-dipping with Flipper, I crashed for a whole month in Mr. Ed's stall, and whenever I'm in L.A., Clarence the Cross-Eyed Lion calls me up to change his straw. And I've got a whole bag full of claw clippings and meadow muffins I ripped off some of the top stars in Hollywood. Of course, it didn't come easy. I had to go through some pretty raunchy bullshit with the guards out at Ivan Tors' ranch, and I once had to ball a park ranger to find out where Gentle Ben was hibernating. I won't tell you what I had to lay on Marlin Perkins before I could get to Milton the Moose! Milton's not a Name yet—just a walk-on in 'Wild Kingdom.' But he sure knows how to move those antlers."

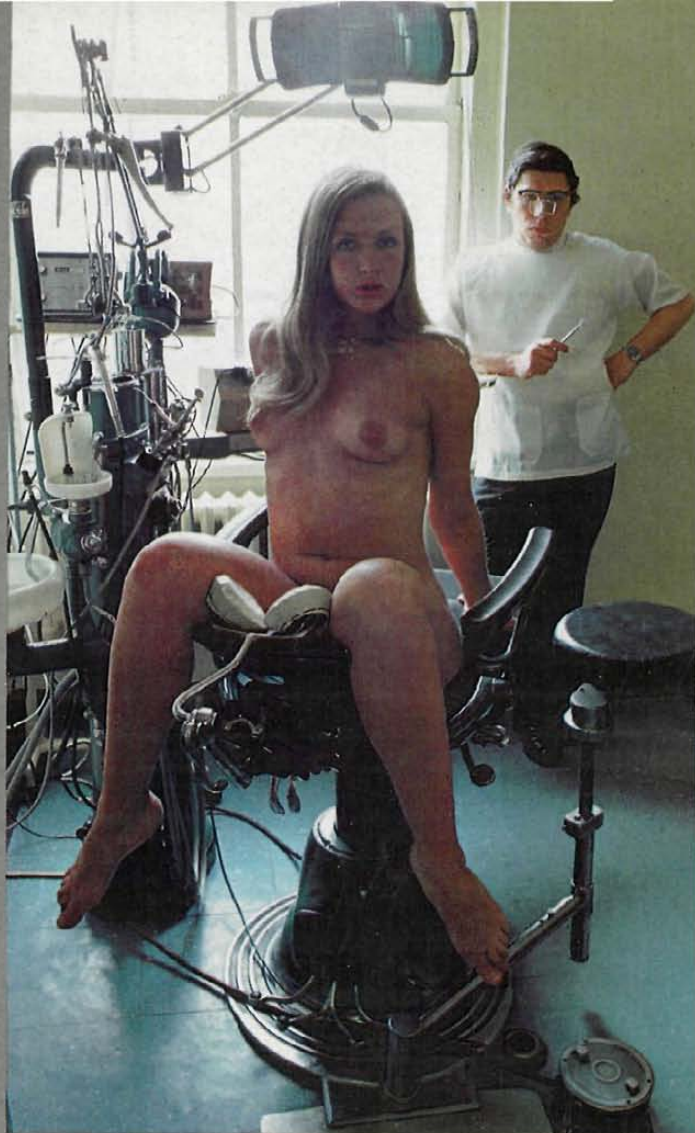
Miss Morticia "After four years of running with the big bands, I woke up one morning and decided I was sick of coming down after one-night stands and finding Keith or Jimi packing up and moving on to the next gig. Then Jimi O.D.'d, and suddenly it hit me. With dead people, there's no more hassling, no more bummers, no more bad vibes. Of course, that's because there's no more vibes at all, but so what? I mean, sure, the dead aren't always together, but at least you know where they're at. Crashing Jimi's funeral was easier than sneaking into the Fillmore, and since then I've really gotten into the whole death trip. I check out the obits every morning, and I'm always ready to hitch anyplace for a really heavy cat's exit—like Igor Stravinsky's in New York. Ripping off souvenirs isn't easy, but I usually get a few flowers or a handful of dirt from that first freaky shovelful. Sometimes you have to ball a pallbearer to get up real close, but there's never any hassle. I mean, why have hangups? If you dig it, you make it with anybody you want, from Buddy Holly to Herbert Bayard Swope."



Bob Pike







Felonie "When they put Charlie Manson behind bars, it really brought me down, so I flew out to visit him. I should have known they wouldn't let me see him, but I did get inside the prison, and it really blew my mind. All those cats looking big and bad and banging their tin cups against the bars. Too much! Since then I've spent all my time digging jailbirds. I've got about a million autographed mug-shots, and when I make it back home from a trip up the river, the first thing I do is dust myself down for prints for my collection. I'm not basically a fingerprinter, but I've got a right index of James Earl Ray, a left middle of Richie Speck, and a whole hand of James Hoffa. Of course, breaking into the big pens like Folsom and Q isn't easy, especially with all that jive about visiting hours, but every guard has his price, and I don't mind paying it. Like just last week, I smuggled a half-dozen cupcakes into the Soledad Brothers, and each one had my picture and phone number baked inside."

Baby Tooth "I was with the Plaster Casters, but the first time I tried to make a mold I almost sent one quarter of Creedence Clearwater to the hospital, so I got a job as a dental technician to try to get the hang of taking impressions. Then I needed some bread, so I went to work for a dentist in L.A. who capped the Monkees' teeth. I figured I could sort of keep my hand in, but this dentist really made me hip to the whole tooth scene. I know it's freaky, but he had all this equipment and stuff, and he really made people respond—I mean, I haven't heard anyone scream like that since Woodstock. It really changed my head. I started crashing waiting rooms so I could get in a little high-speed drilling between appointments and read X rays and those groovy old copies of *Look* and the *National Geographic*. But that didn't work too well, so I'm having root-canal work done in all thirty-two of my teeth, and it'll take about twenty years to finish. I used to need a dozen tokes and the Stones at full volume to turn me on, but now I spend the whole day flying on Novocain, digging the Musak, and waiting for some groovy oral surgeon to say, 'Open wide.'"



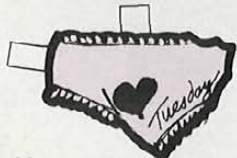
Special Danish Section



Denmark, the southernmost of the Scandinavian countries, is located in Northwest Europe and is bordered by West Germany, the North Sea, the Skagerrak, the Kattegat, and the Baltic. It is a low-lying land with coastal plains and rolling hills, inhabited by 4,870,000 people, 95 percent of whom are Evangelical Lutherans. The Danish national anthem is "Der er et yndigt land" ("There Is a Lovely Land"). The chief rivers are the Stora, the Skjern A, the Varde A, and the Gudena. Exports in 1968—chiefly machinery, meat and meat products (especially bacon and ham), dairy products and eggs, ships, pharmaceutical products and other chemicals, clothing, and metal furniture—totaled \$2.58 billion. Exploited resources include peat, lignite, diatomaceous earth, chalk, marl, kaolin, limestone, granite, flint, and salt.

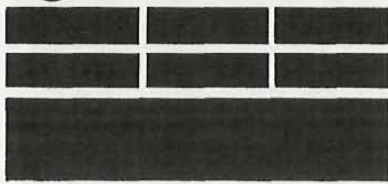
So much for Denmark.

Kinky Kutouts



Have hours of fun with Bennie, the unisex doll. It can be Barbie, it can be Ken, it can be anything in between. And next Christmas tell your mommy you want a complete set of fetishes and an S & M kit and rubber clothes . . .

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Turn those boring snapshots into scenes of wanton depravity with these handy paste-ons.

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**FOR PREVENTION
OF DISEASE ONLY**

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A TRUE STORY

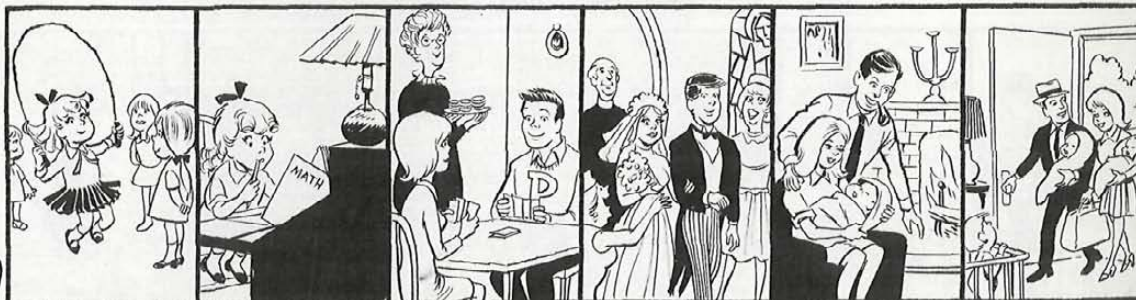


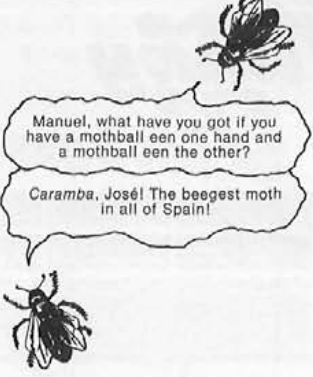
MARY

The TWO PATHS



MONA





Hard-Core Geography

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Dirty books should have indexes. Write your pornographer.



**How to Make
"No Lump" Mashed Potatoes**

Combine: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 4 lbs. instant mashed potatoes
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. saltpeter or potassium nitrate powder
 1 lb. sugar
 2 lbs. baking soda or commercial bleach

Mix thoroughly and heat over medium flame for one hour. Use additional bleaching agent if yellow color persists.

Serves twenty-five. Allow six hours before beginning of dance or other social activity.



Manuel, what ees the rule at the school for sefioritas?

I know eet, José! Lights-out at ten, candles out at eleven!



E

TCE

XNTOV QCSKWIX

VDRXOTPRNELWCSA QCSKWIXMED EPTFLAR

ENTPNEELWCSA QCSKWIXMED EPTFLAR



Hoy, Manuel, why ees there no such a theeng as rape?

Because, José, a woman can run ster with her dress up than a man with his pants down!



No, it doesn't affect your vision, but we know you won't take our word for it, so go ahead, hold the magazine at arm's length and read the eye chart. Feel better now? How these old wives' tales persist is anybody's guess.

Kinky Kutouts

#47349

PLAYBOY

GOOD UNTIL _____

COURTESY CARD

Mr. _____
(cardholder's signature)

is authorized to touch the Bunnies at all
PLAYBOY CLUBS on presentation of this
card. NOT TRANSFERABLE.

Hugh M. Heifner
Hugh M. Heifner

Don't take no for an answer.

**CERTIFICATE
OF STERILITY**

This is to certify that Mr. _____
has voluntarily submitted to sterilization procedures
approved by the Department of Health and has been
examined for latent potency within the last six months.

D.O.H. Form 2630
1 May 1970
Not to be used for
purposes of identification.

Certifying Physician

5/27/71

Date of Examination

Calm her fears without resorting to clumsy and uncomfortable preventive apparatus.

WOMEN

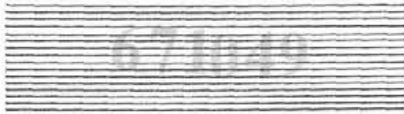
Sick of the anonymity and coldness of big-city life? Cut out and paste on office or apartment door.
Remove "WO" portion or not, depending on sex and/or personal preferences.

Down Mammary Lane

or Where You First Saw It

mo- about - VA-ri-ty \vo-'ji-to-ri-ty
VA-ri-na \vo-'ji-na\ n. pl. VA-ri-nae \-'ji-(j)ne\ or VAGINAS (L., lit.,
sheath) 1 : a canal that leads from the uterus to the external orifice
of the genital canal 2 : SHEATH; specif. : the expanded or ensheath-
ing part of the base of a leaf
VA-gi-nal \vo-'ji-nəl\ adj. 1 : THERMAL 2 : of, relating to, or af-





Is this your lucky number? Sniff here and see! Catherine Deneuve sat on this spot on one copy of this month's press run.



The 5:18 to Peyton Place

was on his, her tongue pushing deeper, harder, with a desperate longing she had never known.

"Love me," she moaned. "Love me now."

"Now," he repeated, as his trembling hands came slowly up and found her heaving breasts. He fought the buttons of her blouse, then tore them away with a muffled curse. She groaned and pulled him down, their bodies locked together in a rhythmic throbbing ecstasy. As their passion reached its peak, she shuddered, then exploded with the wild and blinding fury of a dying star.

Their passion spent, they fell breathlessly apart and listened as the first light drops of rain splashed softly on the windowpane. Another rainy afternoon in Peyton Place.

**Good Christians Take Heede
Seven Signs of Infestations by Devils**

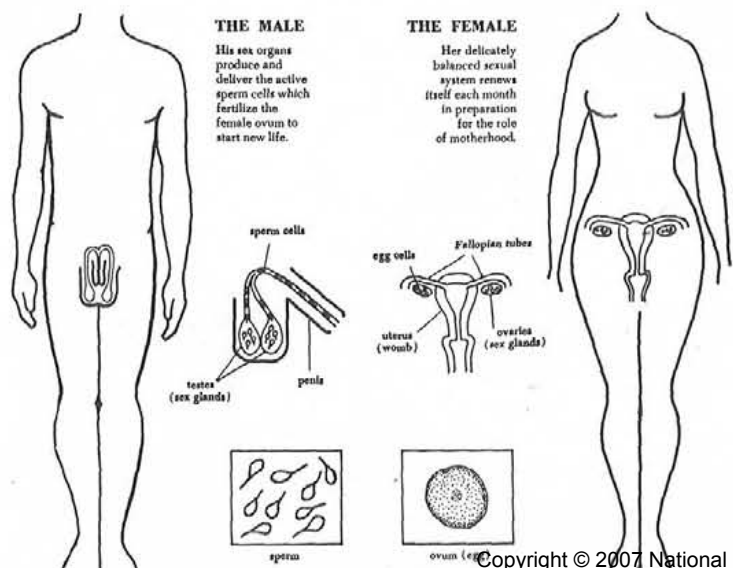
1. Glassey and shiftie eyeballes.
2. Unhealthie complexion.
3. Dark ringes beneath the eyeballes.
4. Listlessnesse and lacke of ambitione.
5. Sallowe and pale countenance.
6. Nervousnesse.
7. A feeble bodie.

**Parents Take Note!
The Seven Signs of Self-Abuse**

1. Glassy, shifty stare.
2. Bad complexion.
3. Dark rings under the eyes.
4. Lack of "get-up-and-go."
5. Face pale and sallow.
6. Nervousness.
7. General physical weakness.

**Police Officers! Look for These
Seven Sure Signs of Drug Use**

1. Glassy-eyed expression.
2. Poor complexion.
3. Dark rings under the eyes.
4. Lack of ambition and motivation.
5. Pale, drawn features.
6. Nervous, jumpy state.
7. Underdeveloped physique.



Turn page for the most pornographic picture ever printed

Quite a picture, wasn't it? Well, now, do you remember how annoyed you were the last time you found the pages of a magazine you were trying to read just a little hard to separate? 'Nuff said. A little courtesy goes a long way!

Is there a parent, teacher, brother or sister, draft-board member, drill sergeant, bureaucrat, employer, business rival, or former object of affection whose discomfiture would be a source of satisfaction to you? Obtain his or her telephone number and insert the appropriate ad from the list below in the Personal section of your local smut rag, porn paper, or scuz sheet.

Parents or married couples:

WEIRD STUFF

Adventurous, liberated older couple seeking other couples interested in the unusual. Accent on S & M, animal lore, dessert toppings, nude bumper-pool, etc., but we'll try anything once! Tel:

Sister or single female:

I CAN'T GET ENOUGH!

Doctors at a fancy Swiss clinic say it's something in my glands, but the way I see it, it's something that isn't in my glands! Either way, I'm open to suggestions! An inch of prevention is worth a pound of cure to me! Call me anytime, day or night. Tel:

Brother or single male:

AC-DC

I don't care what it is, as long as it's freaky! I don't care who it is, as long as they're kinky! As far as I'm concerned, if it isn't a morals charge in Tijuana, it isn't worth doing! Give me a try. Tel:

FOUR-LETTER FUN!

1. I've got to go take a ___S___.
2. Of all the girls I know, Sue has the biggest ___T___.
3. Do you have Sally's number? I want to ___L___ her tonight.
4. That's the longest ___O___ I've ever seen!
5. I know a place where you can get a ___O___ job.
6. Jim really eats ___T___.
7. What a smelly F ___!
8. Why, Sam, your underwear is covered with ___Z___!
9. Stay away from Betty. She's been giving everyone C ___s.
10. I'll say one thing for Sarah: she really knows how to ___K___!

- ANSWERS**
1. TEST
 2. FEET
 3. CALL
 4. ROPE
 5. GOOD
 6. FAST
 7. FISH
 8. FUZZ
 9. COLD
 10. COOK

PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN! KNOW THE CODE!



Manuel, did you hear about the sultan's ten wives?
 Sí, José, nine of them had it sott!

Don't forget what we said about courtesy!

**Down
 Mammary
 Lane**
 or Where You First Saw It



If you want to impress her with a war story, don't tell her how you stood off five thousand gooks single-handed, unless, of course, you prefer Meaningful Dialogue on the Immorality of the War to Relating to Her As a Person. Use these handy protest tales!

There we were, completely surrounded by congressmen. I don't know what got into me—I guess it was just plain rage at seeing all my buddies get it—but, whatever it was, I sort of blacked out. The next thing I knew, I was telling this guy from Indiana about the faked medal citations, the black market, the atrocities, the racial incidents—everything. Yeah, sure, I got a bad-conduct discharge, but there were a lot of brave guys out there that deserved it more.

We'd been taking it pretty bad, and along about nightfall me and Kowalski and Greenberg and Billy Joe were at the bottom of a shell hole, just sort of keeping out of the way of things, when the lieutenant comes over and says, "Henderson, I want you to take three men, sneak up the hill, and blow that machine-gun nest. The whole operation depends on it." I don't know who got him first. I think it was Kowalski.

As soon as I got over to Vietnam, I had this medical exam, and the doc said, "It's right on the borderline, soldier," and I said, "Listen, Doc, this means a lot to me. The gooks killed a lot of my friends. All I want is a chance. Can't you just this once kind of forget the book?" Then I slipped him fifty bucks, and I spent the rest of the war in a cushy desk job in Saigon.

Look, I know you've heard this story a million times, but, honest, I never left Fort Dix. I spent the whole two years sitting on my ass in New Jersey, counting canteen covers, twelve thousand miles from My Lai and all that stuff. The closest I got to Vietnam was once I went to Philadelphia and took in The Green Berets.

Are you an effective obscene caller? Test yourself with this scorecard. If you average less than 7, you better get "busy," less than 4, "hang it up!"

First Reaction

	Points
Click.	0
Who is this?	1
We already have a subscription to that magazine.	1
Bill gave at the office.	1
You want Al's Body Shop. We always get their calls. It's 3380.	2
Is this one of Sally's friends?	2
If I was your mother, I'd wash out your mouth with soap!	2
If I was your mother, I'd wash out your mouth with Drano!	3
Jeez, do you eat with that mouth?	3
You think you're funny, but you're not. You're sick!	4
I hope you know the Telephone Company has special dogs that can smell out people like you.	4
What are Fallopian tubes?	5
I'd hang up, but I want to give the Telephone Company time to trace you with their satellites.	5
Where have you got that mouthpiece, anyway? I can't understand a word you say.	6
I've heard some disgusting, left-wing, perverted things in my time, but that takes the cake!	6
Mister, they should lock you up and throw away the key!	7
I just threw up all over my shoes! You ruined my shoes!	7
You know what I think! I think people like you should be hung over slow fires on wire hangers and beaten with basting spoons and have jam rubbed in your hair!	8
Hey, Marian! Has Richard Speck broken out of jail?	8
Maybe you think the police won't get you, but God will! He's got millions of tiny little microphones all over the place!	9
I'm warning you, I'm taking down everything you say!	9
Listen, can you hold on a minute while I get a cigarette?	10



MA does it.



Sherlock Holmes

THE STRANGE CASE of the QUEEN'S PUPILS

by CHARLES O'HEGARTY with Engravings by MICHEL CHOQUETTE

with Engravings by FRANK FRINGS

ONE MORNING IN THE SPRING OF '81, AT OUR BAKER STREET LODGINGS, MY FRIEND HOLMES, TAKING A BRIEF RESPIRE FROM HIS RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF PROFESSOR MORIARITY, THE NAPOLEON OF CRIME, WAS IDLY THUMBING THROUGH HIS RARE COLLECTION OF POISONOUS POSTAGE STAMPS WHILST I PERUSED THE CLASSIFIED SECTION OF THE TIMES.

"WANTED: BLIND MAN TO SERVE AS ORGAN GRINDER." A MOST PECULIAR ADVERTISEMENT.

YES, INDEED, WATSON. WHAT STREET BEGGAR WOULD BUY THE TIMES? THOSE I HAVE ENCOUNTERED HAVE ALL BEEN COMPLETELY ILLITERATE!

YOU NEVER CEASE TO AMAZE ME, HOLMES!

KNOW! KNOW!

COME IN!

A LETTER FOR MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, SIR!



IT'S FROM SIR JOHN THOMAS, HEADMASTER OF ST. WANKALOT'S SCHOOL. HE APPEARS TO BE HAVING A PROBLEM WITH HIS PUPILS... APATHETIC, LISTLESS, LOLLING ABOUT...

WATSON, AS A TRAINED MEDICAL OBSERVER, DID YOU NOTICE ANYTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT BOY'S APPEARANCE?

SALLOW, PALLID COMPLEXION, DARK RINGS UNDER THE EYES, PIMPLES - 143 TO BE PRECISE, UNABLE TO LOOK ME DIRECTLY IN THE EYE, TREMBLING HANDS, A SINGULAR MARK ON HIS FOREHEAD...

SURELY, HOLMES, JUST THE ODD, LAZY UNKEMPT RASCAL ONE ENCOUNTERS IN EVERY SCHOOL!

THE DISCIPLINARY PROBLEMS OF A BOYS' SCHOOL, HOWEVER DISTINGUISHED, SHOULD HARDLY BE THE CONCERN OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING DETECTIVE!

UGLY FELLOW!

UNLIKELY, MY DEAR WATSON, FOR A BOY WHO WEARS A CRICKET FIRST-ELEVEN TIE AND HAS A GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN ENGRAVED "TOP OF THE CLASS" IN HIS JACKET POCKET. AND WHO BUT A PREFECT WOULD BE ENTRUSTED WITH AN IMPORTANT ERRAND?



IF WE LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, WE CAN JUST CATCH THE 12:05 TRAIN FROM PADDINGTON STATION TO TEDDINGTON. THE COUNTRYSIDE AROUND ST. WANKALOT'S IS PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL THIS TIME OF YEAR.

WHAT ABOUT MORIARITY AND THE TRAINED CORMORANT?

PERSONALLY, I FIND OF GREATER URGENCY ANY EVIDENCE OF DISORDER AT A SCHOOL WHERE A BOY WHO MAY ONE DAY BE KING OF ENGLAND IS A PUPIL. I'M REFERRING OF COURSE TO YOUNG PRINCE ALBERT, DUKE OF CLARENCE!

ST. WANKALOT'S! OF COURSE! BUT GOOD LORD, HOLMES, SURELY YOU DON'T SUSPECT FOUL PLAY!



WHERE THE ROYAL FAMILY IS CONCERNED, ONE IS FREE TO ANTICIPATE NOTHING ELSE.



ON OUR ARRIVAL AT THE SCHOOL, WE FOUND SIR JOHN THOMAS IN A STATE OF EXTREME AGITATION.

MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, DR. WATSON! YOU'VE COME JUST IN TIME! THE SITUATION HAS WORSENED. THERE'S BEEN A GENERAL BREAKDOWN OF THE MORAL WILL. THE BOYS HAVE A TENDENCY TO LOSE GRIP OF THEIR SUBJECTS, AND THEY SHOW A MARKED INABILITY TO SEE THE BLACKBOARD CLEARLY, AS IF SUFFERING FROM A CREEPING BLINDNESS!

MR. HOLMES, I NEED HARDLY MENTION MY DILEMMA. THE REPUTATION OF ST. WANKALOT'S IS IN SERIOUS JEOPARDY!

YOU HAVE PUT MY MIND VERY MUCH AT EASE. NOW THEN, YOU WILL BE MY GUESTS. LA-OU-D-PHAAT, PREPARE ROOMS FOR MR. HOLMES AND DR. WATSON!

THE INN WE PASSED ON OUR WAY FROM THE STATION WILL BE MORE SUITABLE FOR MY PURPOSES. ON CASES OF THIS KIND, I NEED TO KEEP MY HEAD CLEAR OF ALL DISTRACTIONS!



THERE'S SOMETHING VERY UNBRITISH ABOUT THIS AFFAIR!



REST ASSURED, SIR JOHN, WE SHALL GET TO THE ROOT OF THIS MATTER!



NO ROOMS, NO BEDS, NO SHEETS, NO NOTHING! GO HOME!



NOT THAT DEVILISH COCAINE AGAIN!

SUDDENLY...

IT'S ALBERT, THE PRINCE, SIR! HE'S GONE OFF HIS HEAD IN LATIN CLASS! HE'S FOAMING AT THE MOUTH AND JABBERING LIKE AN IDIOT!



WE ARRIVED NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! QUICK, WATSON!

UPON OUR ENTRY INTO THE CLASSROOM, WE WERE MET BY THE PITEOUS SIGHT OF A YOUNG BOY RESTRAINED WITH NO LITTLE DIFFICULTY BY HIS CLASSMATES. I IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED IN HIS WASTED FEATURES THE SAME SIGNS OF PHYSICAL DECAY THAT HOLMES HAD OBSERVED ON OUR BAKER STREET VISITOR.

WATSON, LOOK INTO THE PALM OF HIS RIGHT HAND AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE!

I FEARED AS MUCH! THIS DEPRAVED YOUNG MAN IS A VICTIM OF UNCONTROLLED SELF-ABUSE!!

THE UNFORTUNATE FELLOW HAS GONE COMPLETELY INSANE!

PAY THE MONKEY TWICE, HE'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING NICE! HEE HEE HEE! GOD SAVE THE QUEEN! HEE HEE HA HA HA!



GOOD HEAVENS! GREEN HAIRS!



UNTHINKABLE FOR A ST. WANKALOT'S BOY! IT MUST BE A FILTHY PLOT!

BY JOVE, HOLMES, I SAW SOMETHING SIMILAR IN AFGHANISTAN AMONG THE WHIRLING GHAZIS! THEY COMPLETELY DESTROYED THEIR ANCIENT CIVILIZATION IN A FORTNIGHT THROUGH OVERINDULGENCE IN THIS ODIOS HABIT! WE MUST STAMP IT OUT BEFORE IT SPREADS! THE EMPIRE IS AT STAKE!

LATER, IN OUR ROOMS AT THE INN, HOLMES BROUGHT UP THE QUESTION OF THE VERY SUGGESTIVE PHRASES SPOKEN BY THE RAVING PRINCE.



"PAY THE MONKEY TWICE, HE'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING NICE— GOD SAVE THE QUEEN! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, WATSON?"

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! TRY SAYING IT BACKWARDS...

IT'S A BANANA, HOLMES, ADDRESSED TO YOU!



OR MULTIPLYING EVERY THIRD LETTER BY FIVE.



DON'T OPEN IT, WATSON!



MY GOD! AN EXPLODING BANANA!



ONCE AGAIN, HOLMES, I OWE MY LIFE TO YOUR REMARKABLE PERCEPTIVE POWERS.

IT SEEMS THAT SOMEONE IS BENT ON DISCOURAGING US FROM FURTHER INVESTIGATIONS. COME, WATSON, AND BRING YOUR PISTOL!



HULLO, WATSON! A FEZ!

THE SAME TYPE AS WORN BY DEGENERATE TURKS!

INDEED, BUT WHAT MANNER OF PERSON WOULD WEAR A SIZE 1½?



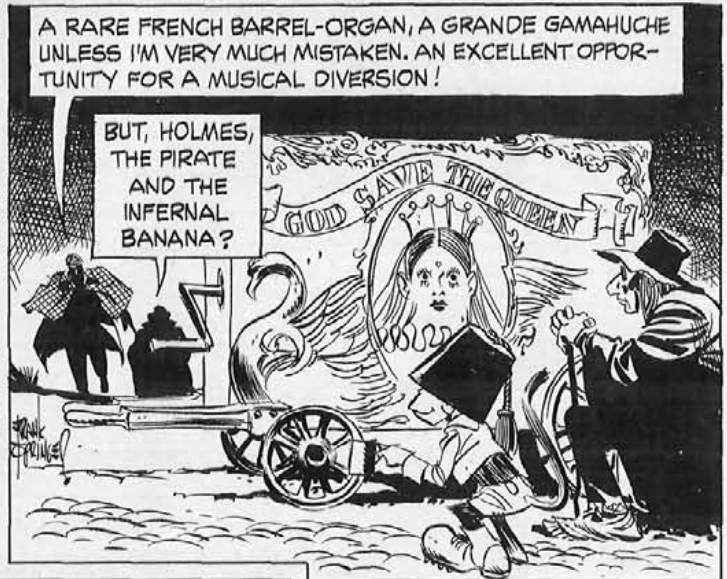
AND THESE TRACKS! THE IMPRINT OF A HOBNAIL BOOT NEXT TO A SMALL, SHAPELESS IMPRESSION!



HOLMES, I'D SAY WE'RE ON THE TRAIL OF A PINHEADED TURKISH PIRATE WITH A ROTTEN WOODEN LEG.



WATSON! UP AHEAD!



A RARE FRENCH BARREL-ORGAN, A GRANDE GAMAHUCHE UNLESS I'M VERY MUCH MISTAKEN. AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY FOR A MUSICAL DIVERSION!

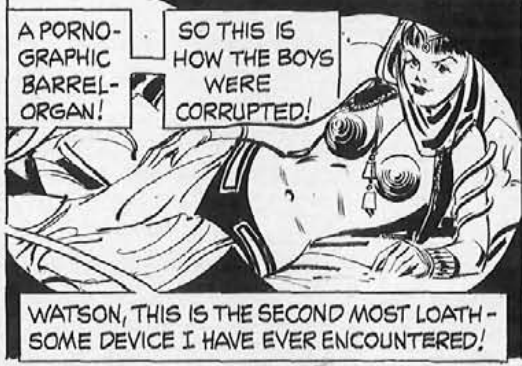
BUT, HOLMES, THE PIRATE AND THE INFERNAL BANANA?

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN



THANK YOU, SIR!

PLUNK! PLUNK!



A PORNOGRAPHIC BARREL-ORGAN!

SO THIS IS HOW THE BOYS WERE CORRUPTED!

WATSON, THIS IS THE SECOND MOST LOATHSOME DEVICE I HAVE EVER ENCOUNTERED!



GOOD HEAVENS, WATSON!



AND LOOK HERE, A NAIL HAS WORKED LOOSE! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THIS IS THE SOURCE OF THE CURIOUS MARKS ON THE BOYS' FOREHEADS!

INCREDIBLE!



DESPICABLE!

HMMM. I THINK THIS SHOULD FIT YOU BETTER!

IS ANYTHING AMISS, SIR?



YOU VILE BLACK-GUARD!

I BEG OF YOU, HAVE MERCY ON A BLIND MAN!

HOLD, WATSON! THIS MAN IS AN UNWITTING ACCOMPLICE!

NOW TELL ME, MY MAN, WHERE DID YOU ACQUIRE THIS INSTRUMENT, AND HOW DID YOU COME TO BE HERE?

THE ORGAN GRINDER BRIEFLY RECOUNTED HOW, THOUGH BORN A GENTLEMAN, EXCESSIVE SELF-INDULGENCE IN HIS YOUTH HAD CLAIMED HIS SIGHT AND LEFT HIM AT THE AGE OF 20 WITH NO OTHER ATTAINMENTS SAVE A POWERFUL RIGHT HAND; HOW, WHILE WORKING AS A SQUEEZER OF LIMES IN A LOW GIN MILL, A SYMPATHETIC ACQUAINTANCE HAD CALLED TO HIS ATTENTION THE VERY ADVERTISEMENT I HAD REMARKED ON IN THE TIMES; HOW UPON APPLYING FOR THE POSITION AND GIVING PARTICULARS AS TO THE CAUSE OF HIS SIGHTLESS STATE, HE WAS HIRED ON THE SPOT BY A WELL-SPOKEN MAN REPRESENTING HIMSELF AS A SENTIMENTAL ST. WANKALOT'S OLD BOY, AND HOW THIS SAME MAN PROVIDED HIM WITH HIS BARREL ORGAN, A PET MONKEY NAMED "SHERLOCK" AND THE GENEROUS SALARY OF £5 PER WEEK.



WHEN AT THE CONCLUSION OF THIS SINGULAR STATEMENT HOLMES APPRISED HIM OF HOW ILL HE HAD BEEN USED, HE WOULD SURELY HAVE DONE VIOLENCE TO HIMSELF HAD HE NOT BEEN FORCIBLY RESTRAINED.

I CANNOT BEAR IT, TO HAVE BEEN THE INSTRUMENT OF FURTHER DEBASEMENT! AND TO THINK THE ROGUE WAS HERE NOT FIVE MINUTES AGO!

YES! HE CAME BY TO GIVE HIS MONKEY A BANANA. I HEARD THE MONKEY SCAMPER OFF AND THEN RETURN. AT THAT THE GENTLEMAN ABRUPTLY LEFT AND IN ANOTHER MINUTE YOU ARRIVED!

COME, MAN, THOUGH BLIND, YOUR SENSES ARE ACUTE. CAN YOU TELL ME SOMETHING OF HIM?



WHAT?

SPEAK, MAN! YOUR EMPLOYER WAS HERE?

ABOMINABLE!



MONSTROUS!

HMMM. HE HAD A FAINT ODOR OF BURNT CORK?... YES! OF COURSE! QUICK, WATSON, WE'RE OFF TO ST. WANKALOT'S! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!

WATSON!

TO USE A RUINED MAN TO MAKE A MASTURBATOR OF THE FUTURE KING AND ONANISTIC ZOMBIES OF THE CREAM OF ENGLISH YOUTH! IT IS INFAMOUS! ONLY ONE MAN WOULD GO TO SUCH PAINS TO FASHION SO UNSPEAKABLE A SCHEME! OR GIVE A MONKEY MY NAME!



REPUGNANT!

WHAT?



UPON OUR ARRIVAL AT ST. WANKALOT'S, HOLMES INQUIRED AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF LA- OUD-PHAAT, AND ON LEARNING THAT THE WOG WAS TENDING TO HIS DUTIES IN THE PANTRY, WE HASTENED THERE, BIDDING ME KEEP MY PISTOL HANDY, HOLMES FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR.



AH, LA- OUD-PHAAT! I FOUND YOUR FEZ! IT'S SUNSET, AND I KNOW NO GOOD MOSLEM WOULD FACE EAST FOR EVENING PRAYER BAREHEADED!

YES, YES, NEED FEZ. ME PRAY. GO AWAY!



ALLAH, YEE ALLAH! HUBBAH, HUBBAH!



KICK!

MORIARTY, YOU IMPOSTER! YOU FACED GOLDERS' GREEN, NOT MECCA!

GOOD HEAVENS!

WATSON, IF YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO PRODUCE YOUR PISTOL, I THINK WE MIGHT SEE TO THE DETAILS OF THIS CONTEMPTIBLE CONSPIRACY!



DEAR ME, SO VERY CLEVER, MR. HOLMES!

I SUSPECTED YOUR HAND IN THIS DIRTY BUSINESS FROM THE VERY START, MORIARTY, ALTHOUGH I MUST CONFESS THAT IT WAS NOT UNTIL I HEARD THE REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF THE ORGAN GRINDER THAT I WAS CERTAIN OF IT. STILL, I WOULD NOT HAVE HAD YOU SO SOON BUT FOR THE TWIN CHANCES OF YOUR EVIL MONKEY'S HAVING PLAYFULLY SNATCHED YOUR FEZ TO REPLACE THE ONE HE LOST WHILE CASTING THE BANANA-BOMB THROUGH OUR WINDOW AND THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S TIMELY RECOLLECTION OF A SMELL OF BURNT CORK WHEN YOU ADDRESSED HIM IN YOUR ROLE AS HIS EMPLOYER, A SMELL WHICH I, AS AN OCCASIONAL EMPLOYER OF DISGUISES, INSTANTLY RECOGNIZED AS THE PRIME INGREDIENT OF FACE BLACKENER!



TUT, TUT, MR. HOLMES, YOU HAVE OMITTED TO MENTION TWO SMALL POINTS!

FOR ONE, THE SUBSTITUTION IN THE BOYS' TEA OF THIS POWERFUL INDIAN APHRODISIAC FOR THEIR USUAL DOSE OF SALTPETER BROMIDE!



UNSPEAKABLE!

AND THE OTHER?

THE EXCEPTIONAL CLEVERNESS OF MY MONKEY, WHO, LIKE HIS NAMESAKE, HAS A WAY OF TURNING UP AT THE ODDEST MOMENTS!



NOW, SHERLOCK!

CRASH!



ALTHOUGH MORIARTY AND HIS EVIL MONKEY HAD MANAGED TO ELUDE US, THE PRINCE AND THOSE OF HIS FELLOWS WHOSE BASER INSTINCTS HAD BEEN STIMULATED BY THE PROFESSOR'S ODIUS SCHEME WERE EASILY APPREHENDED AND BROUGHT BEFORE SIR JOHN THE VERY NEXT MORNING FOR A GOOD CANING.

HOLMES, I CAN'T THANK YOU SUFFICIENTLY. ST. WANKALOT'S IS FOREVER IN YOUR DEBT.

SPEAK NO MORE OF IT, SIR JOHN. IT IS ENOUGH TO HAVE SAVED THE EMPIRE FROM RUIN AND SPARED THESE BOYS FROM A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

YES, THANK GOD WE CAUGHT IT IN TIME! A FEW WEEKS OF VIGOROUS EXERCISE AND COLD SHOWERS WILL RETURN THESE WAYWARD BOYS TO ROBUST HEALTH.

AND A SOUND THRASHING SHOULD RESTORE THEIR MORAL VIGOR.



MOST ASSUREDLY! AND IT WOULD HAVE A GREAT EFFECT ON THE BOYS IF YOU YOURSELVES COULD ADMINISTER A FEW STROKES....

I'M AFRAID WE MUST DECLINE, SIR JOHN. OUR TRAIN LEAVES WITHIN THE HOUR.

ON SECOND THOUGHT, THERE ARE OTHER TRAINS TODAY, AND IT MIGHT PROVE INSTRUCTIVE TO SEE THIS CASE THROUGH TO ITS VERY END, EH, WATSON?

LATER THAT DAY, HAVING LEFT MATTERS WELL IN HAND AT ST. WANKALOT'S, WE RETURNED TO OUR BAKER ST. LODGINGS.



IN VIEW OF THE SEVERITY OF THE OFFENSE, IT WILL OF COURSE BE "PANTS-DOWN..."



WATSON, THIS UNSPEAKABLE BARREL-ORGAN IS A STRIKING ADDITION TO OUR LITTLE MUSEUM OF CRIME!



the End

CAKED JOY RAG

by Chris Miller

It was three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. I decided to beat the meat.

I looked up from my book, around the parlor. Mother was knitting, reading a mystery novel, and eating crackers dipped in an onion preparation, sending a firestorm of clackings, crunchings, and page-turnings sweeping across the room at Father, who glared indignantly back at her through his *New York Times*. I yawned loudly, closed my book, and stood up.

"Guess I'll take a nap."

"That's nice, dear." Mother turned a page.

"Fuckin' Jews," put in Father. The *Times* rattled in his white-knuckled grasp. He had reached the Business section.

On my way to the stairs, I pinpointed my little brother Willy in the kitchen, on the phone. Now I had only to check Grandma's location. She was well into the December of her life and given to spates of extreme paranoia. The current spate had lasted about two and a half years. Often I had caught her peering through keyholes or listening behind doorways, taking rapid notes in a small, leather volume. At night, I believed, she stole muttering to her attic chambers, switched on her shortwave, and sent out the day's entries in code.

I found her in Willy's room with the receiver of the upstairs phone pressed

against the hearing device in her chest. Her eyes were wide; she was writing furiously.

I had to get her away from my room. She might feel the floor vibrating when I really got to whacking it.

"Grandma, guess what?"

She spun around, covering the phone with her notebook, her features freezing comically. Then a crafty look came over her face.

"Look!" she cried, flinging one long, skinny finger at the window. "A flying saucer!"

I looked. I saw no sign of a flying saucer, only some kids playing noisy softball next door. When I turned back to her, the phone was on the hook and the notebook had vanished. She was the picture of innocence, whistling a little tune, scuffing the toe of her old-lady shoe into the carpet.

"Grandma," I said, "I think Father is going to yell at Mother."

"What makes you think I'd be interested in *that*?" I knew I had her when her eyes became suddenly shift.

"Yup, old man gonna blow his top any minute now." She was already edging for the stairs. I walked past her, into my room, wedging the door closed with the usual folded magazine; I had no lock.

The bed! Sighing, I dropped my pants to my knees and fell gratefully back onto

it. A sudden shriek of dismay ripped the air, and out from between my legs streaked Puffles, our cute family cat. He hit the floor, rebounded to my chair, launched himself to the dresser top, knocking my Olivo Hair Pomade onto the floor. I got up, pulled up my pants, walked deliberately across the room, grabbed Puffles and hurled him out the door. Puffles told me to go fuck myself and I told Puffles to eat it.

Let's see now. Mother and Father in parlor. Willy in kitchen. Grandma crouching near parlor doorway. Puffles headed downstairs. Uncle Ernie in Buffalo. President Eisenhower at Camp David. Okay, coast clear. I dropped my pants and yanked open the drawer where I kept my cheesecake cache.

I layed it on the bed next to me, my folder of favorite breasts, thighs, and buttocks from years of *Titter* and *Beauty Parade*. Eve Meyer with her pout and her pendulous heavies! Betty Paige bursting from black-lace nothings! Nameless hot chocolates and sepia sirens! Sultry hip-flippers and torrid torso-tossers! I let my eyes flow over each cutout lady, the focus of my vision fondling remembered boob-hangs and bun-swells.

Hello. In my left hand, my Zeppelin was beginning to inflate. I riffled through the pix with accelerating haste to get to the really good ones I had arranged to come last. I put the rest on the floor,

continued

continued

folded my pillow comfortably, and switched hands. One by one, I held my favorites before my eyes, scrutinizing them minutely.

A brunette lying nude on her stomach was my third favorite. She looked at me over her shoulder, eyes nearly closed, pink tongue just showing between full lips. Where her thighs met the cleft of her buttocks was a dark diamond of pulse-quicken shadow. My molehill was racing toward mountainhood.

My second favorite was an Earth Mother pulling a dress from her shoulders so that two vast flesh melons were spilling out. I mean, they were just *spilling* out of there. In some unknown but undoubtedly interesting fashion, she had recently excited her nipples. They had popped into high relief, fascinating circular terrains of oddly placed bumps and nodules surrounding a central volcano. *Thrubba dubba dubba!*

Finally, my number one—two girls in a bubble bath. “Italian bimbos,” said the caption. The brunette stood in the foreground, her back to me, one foot up on the side of the tub. The blonde was framed between the brunette’s legs, smiling with great happiness. They were collaborating in washing the brunette’s right calf. I concentrated on the juncture of the brunette’s thighs, imagining the same clear view of her pizza pie that was obviously what was making the blonde so happy. I licked my lips, my zucchini all athrob.

The last of the visual aids fluttered to the floor as I shut my eyes, crossed my left ankle over my right, turned my face to the left, and began. . . .

. . . The pirates had me chained to a wooden post at the docks. My elegant clothes were in tatters by now, the ruffled, white shirt torn to my waist. Velasquez, the fat, swarthy captain, had long since taken my boots; the cobblestones pressed my feet painfully.

We were in Skull Cove, a pleasure-oriented free port frequented by scum such as my captors. Already, they were lavishly spending the riches of the merchantman on which, until a few days ago, I was being conveyed as an emissary of King Charles to negotiate a certain political matter with the Spanish Throne. Instead, I would now be held for ransom; I was part of the booty. Two grubby guards, impatient to join the rest of the crew at the inns and bawdy houses, waited beside me for Velasquez to return with the high chieftain of the port, the notorious lady pirate Red MacTave.

“Oi still sy we oughter take ’is nuts, Bones,” the smaller guard was arguing. “’E can still be ransomed; ’is voice’ll just be a mite ’igher, that’s all.”

“Aw now, Brug,” said Bones, seven feet tall and coal black, “you jus’ relax. You hear de Cap’n. We got to keep this fine gen’amum in-tack, leas’ ’til Missy

continued





ROY CARRUTHERS

continued

MacTave done look him over."

On "in-tack," Bones jabbed me playfully in the ribs with his finger. It felt like an ebony battering ram, but I kept my features cool and disdainful. I would take no shit from scoundrels such as these.

Suddenly, Maureen O'Hara strode into view, Velasquez trotting to keep up with her. I could see the shapely muscles ripple on her thighs as they flashed through her skirt of hanging thongs. On top she wore a blouse of rough blue fabric, the tails of which she had tied beneath her freely swinging breasts. Her hair was molten flame.

I had been chained kneeling. Velasquez puffed to my side and grasped my chin moistly, tilting my head roughly up for inspection.

"Thees ees heem, jos' like I say, hey Red?" He smiled hopefully at her through matted black beard.

"Let him go, pig. You are his social inferior." Though she murmured it, Velasquez snatched his hand away like my skin had turned suddenly red-hot. Bones and Brug exchanged significant glances.

She gazed down at me, her eyes snapping with . . . interest? I met her gaze. She bent closer. I could see her breasts press heavily against her blouse. Her lips were ripe, red, slightly parted. Closer she came. The perfume of her breath unwreathed me. She kissed me hungrily.

"Jesus Christ, Frances," bellowed Velasquez, "will you for Christ's sake stop making all that noise?"

"What noise, John?" MacTave knelt

before me, ran a fingertip over the ridges of my stomach.

"You know goddamn well what noise! Jesus Christ!"

"John, really, *must* you use that language?" In the tatters of my breeches, her hands were leaving trails of cold fire on my thigh.

Over MacTave's shoulder I saw Bones sliding a small leather volume from his shirt. He began taking rapid notes.

"Ball four!" came a shrill cry from a bawdy house next door. "They're loaded up!"

"Well, if someone around here [MacTave's left hand was sliding slowly up my legs] would get his nose out of the paper [the other was plucking at my buckle] for a few minutes once in a while [it opened; her hand moved downwards] and talk to someone, for heaven's sake, [the hands met gently, surrounding me with feathery bliss] then I wouldn't—"

"Oh, horseshit!" yelled Velasquez and dissolved into a fit of coughing.

"What? What was that? I didn't get what came after 'for heaven's sake!'" Bones looked anxiously from Velasquez to MacTave.

"HEY!" roared Velasquez, regaining his breath. "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WRITING? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?"

"Strike two!" cried the voice from the bawdy house. Somewhere, a bell was ringing insistently.

"John, you must learn to control your mouth." MacTave was stroking my now unencumbered mizzenmast, planting small, moist kisses on the crow's nest.

"GOOD CHRIST ALMIGHTY! I'M

GOING OUT!" Velasquez stalked off. I heard a door slam. The bell had stopped, to be replaced by a loud clanging. An alarm?

"Strike three!" screamed the bawdy house. "Yer out!"

**CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!
CLANG! CLANG!**

I opened my eyes. Someone, down in the kitchen, was knocking the knife handle against the radiator pipe, the signal that there was a phone call for me.

I sighed and rose from the bed. Pulling my pants up far enough to walk, I went to the phone.

"Hello!"

"Did you get the third geometry problem?"

"Huh? Robbie?"

"Yeah. Wow, I just finished it. Took me two hours!"

"Well, I haven't done my geometry yet." I bounced my limp turnip in my hand. It shouldn't take me long to get off the phone and then I could . . .

"That's okay! Just tell me if this sounds right!" Mathematical particulars began pouring from the phone. Hmmmm. . . .

. . . The penthouse was lush, opulent. The city looked like millions of tiny, radiant jewels spilled on black velvet. Fresh from necking hotly in the taxi, Laura and I came straight to her bedroom. I was sitting on her bed, unbuttoning my shirt. Laura stood facing me, her soft, overstuffed body straining against her fashionable dress. It hooked in the front and she was toying with the clasp.

From previous experience, I knew she would blush. She was shy about undressing while I watched. The blush would spread up from her chest, through the freckles on her face, finally reaching her red-blond hair. It would happen soon; she had on that heavy-lidded, soft-lipped face she always wore when we were about to do it.

The phone rang. Biting her lip, she answered it, eyes still on me. I languidly removed my shirt, watching my aroused lover try to focus on the voice coming from the receiver.

"First," she said, "you'll need your protractor."

I couldn't refuse. I slid my pants off. Her eyes grew large. I reached up and unbuttoned her clasp. The dress gave as mammoth softness shifted within. Laura closed her eyes. She could barely maintain. How wonderful! I slid the silken garment over her shoulders. She had to juggle the receiver to allow the dress to move down her arms, but then it was free and I slid it over her hips. It puddled about her ankles.

"What do you think?" Laura was stammering. "After all that, I couldn't get the goddamn angles to come out to 360 degrees!"



"Try dropping a hypotense," I suggested huskily. She was soft, rounded, and freckly, straining against the reinforced black bra she had been obliged to have specially constructed for her unique proportions. I reached around her broad back and unlocked the bulging underthing, and flesh just went all over the place. She was blushing! Adorable!

"I did," she breathed. "Nothing. So I erected a cone on the surface of each sphere."

Accordingly, I stroked each cone with an open palm. They swelled to bursting turgidity before my hands had completed a single transit. What divine altitudes!

"Suppose I intersected your rhombus with a cylinder?" I murmured. My hand slid down the long parabola of her stomach into black silk.

"Rhombus? Cylinder? What are you talking about?"

"Mmmmmmm." The panties were off. Her red-gold isosceles triangle sparkled and shimmered in the candlelight.

"Your theorems are as thick as honey and taste like sweet oysters."

"Huh? What? You crazy?"

"Ahhhhhhhh!" My tongue bisected the tender trihedron.

"Jeez," she said, "I'm callin' Steve Greenfield, You're screwy!"

SLORP! LICK! SLOBBER! SMERP!
Click.

I opened my eyes. The taste of hard black plastic was in my mouth; one end of the receiver glistened wetly. I hung up.

Judging from the appearances of my throbbing ICBM, blast off was seconds away. I rushed to my bed, fell down backwards, and swung my legs over my head so that the missile hove into proper azimuth. I craned my neck and, with some difficulty, reached the nose cone. . . .

. . . Chooch was doin' the bop with Rita. Foojie was dirty-boogin' with Valeric. Angelo didn't care it wasn't a slow number, he was doin' the fish with Roseanne anyway. I leaned my chair back on two legs, hookin' my fingers in my belt loops, feelin' good. It was Saturday night at the clubhouse an' the Bopping Dukes of Avenue A were workin' out.

Dolores sauntered over to me. She had just smoked a reefer and her eyes were bright. "Meow?" she asked. I looked up at her coolly, snapped my gum, and . . .

Meow?

I opened my eyes. Puffles was sniffing delicately at my exhaust vent. I reached up and pushed his face into it, closing my eyes as his nose made contact. . . .

. . . Dolores sauntered over. She had just smoked a reefer, and her eyes were bright.

"Ey Tony," she said, "I hear you gotta sanawich fuh me."

"Shoo I do," I answered, adjusting the line of my DA with thumb and forefinger. "Come an-a get it."

"Oo bop sha boo, baum ba baum baum baum," sang the Clefstones.

"I'm-a hungry, Tony. I'm-a think I'm-a gonna eat-a some of you sanawich."

Her hair was thick and black, her lips very red. A small, gold cross hung between her bulging breasts. Going to her hands and knees before me, she took the tongue of my zipper between her small, sharp teeth and began tugging it slowly down.

"Cow wa wa wa wa wa wa, ho dough dough dough," insinuated the Heartbeats.

Dolores had completed the unzipping and was unreeling my great Dago flag-pole.

"Ey, you gotta nize big-a sanawich, Tony!"

"Atsa right. It's-a juicy, too. Go 'head, take a bite-a."

Dolores laughed, shook her hair out of the way, and, in a sudden moist thrust, was rooting for truffles in my coal shute. "Meowr," she whimpered. Her nails raked my flesh, but, as War Councilor of the Dukes, I'm tough, so I didn't let on like it hurt.

Then she started on my sanawich.

"MEEEEEOOOOWWWW!" she cried.

Whoops, whoops, I think. . . .

"MEEEEEOOOOOOWWWW!"

I can feel it, yes, it's . . .

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Now yes yes yes yes yes. . . .

"I SAID, 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING?'"

I opened my eyes. Grandma.

"I . . . I'm looking at a pimple."

"WELL, STOP LOOKING AT IT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO PUFFLES? WHAT'S THAT ON HIS NOSE? . . . OH!!"

I released Puffles. He streaked from the room. Grandma was so beside herself she was actually forgetting to take notes.

"FRANCES! JOHN! COME SEE HOW YOUR SON SPENDS HIS SUNDAY AFTERNOONS!"

I had to get out of there. I leapt from my bed and fell on my face. Kicking the tangled pants from my ankles, I regained my feet and burst past Grandma. Eggplant in hand, I flew up the attic stairs and flung myself on Grandma's bed. . . .

. . . The pounding on the heavy, oaken lab door began as I had almost completed transmission of the SOS. As usual, Zarkov's instructions had been perfect. The Z Beam generator was working exactly as he had predicted.

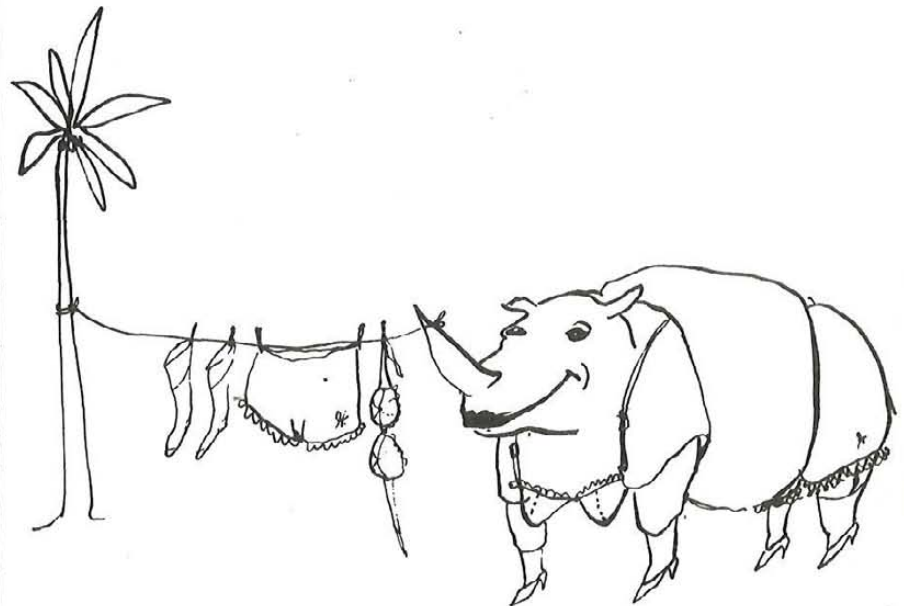
"He's up there, John! He's locked himself in my room!" Old Queen Azura's voice quavered over the pounding.

"WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU HOMO-ING YOURSELF OFF? JUMPING JESUS!"

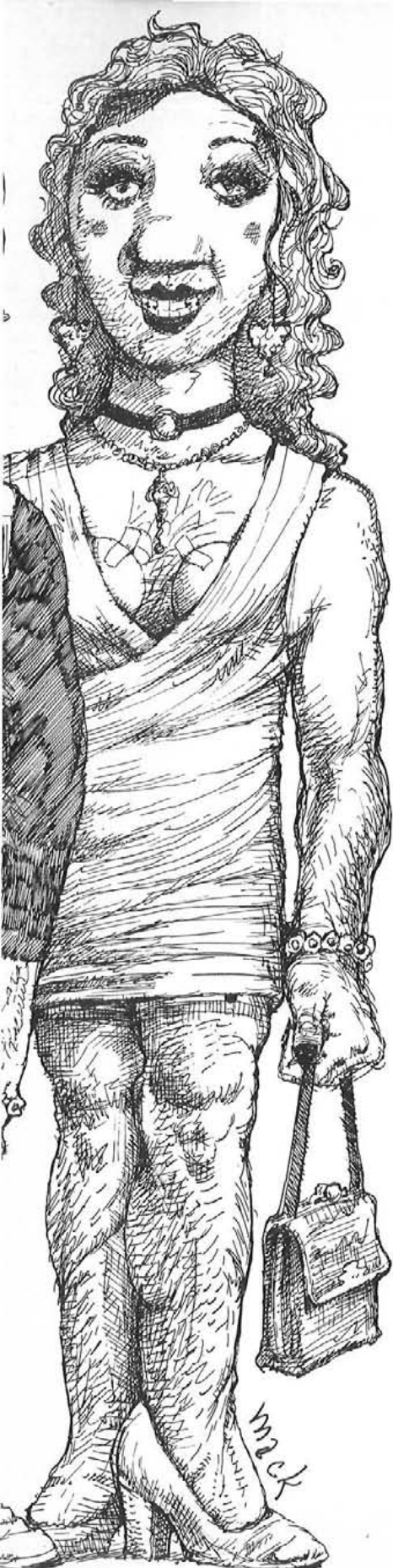
Ming had arrived!

My message completed, I snapped the immense generator off. The pounding had intensified. They were smashing the door with a heavy piece of furniture. Would it hold until Prince Barin's strato-sleds arrived? Well, no use worrying about what you can't control.

"Dale," I said, "come over here and sit on my face." □







ARE YOU A HOMO?

by John Weidman

Do you sometimes feel depressed, anxious, or vaguely unhappy? Many of us have these feelings from time to time, and we tend to attribute them to "the state of the world" or "a bad day at the office." In fact, the source of your tension and anxiety may be much more basic.

You may be a homo.

Now I know what you're saying. "Not me. I'm no homo." But did you know that scientific studies have shown that many of us are born homos and never realize it?

How about you? If you've ever suspected yourself of being "different," even for a minute, now's your chance to find out for sure! The test that follows was scientifically prepared to bring out the hidden homo in each of us.

Answer the questions honestly, and score yourself accordingly. If you are a homo, you'll save yourself more years of heartache by fessing up now. Remember, there are hundreds of homos in this country who lead normal, happy lives.

There is no *shame* in being a homo!

I. Defensive Prejudice

How you feel about homos may be a reflection of how you feel about yourself. Mark each statement either true or false.

- T F 1. Hundreds of homos lead normal, happy lives.
T F 2. There is no *shame* in being a homo.
T F 3. Homos are weak and easy to beat up.
T F 4. Homos never wear underpants.
T F 5. Groups of homos are dangerous and will try to take your clothes off and kill you.
T F 6. Homos like to kidnap little boys and marry them.
T F 7. Homos know all the latest dance steps.
T F 8. Homos never say their prayers.
T F 9. Homos cry if you're mean to them.
T F 10. The only way to kill a homo is with a silver bullet.

Score: If you thought you knew enough about homos to mark any answers in this section, you're already in trouble. Score five points for each question answered.

II. Significant Synonyms

Allow yourself three minutes to write

down every word you know that means the same as "homo." We've started you off.

- (1) sissy (2) fruitcake (3) flyboy

Score: Five points for each word listed. Ten points for each word you knew but were afraid to write down. Fifteen points if you had to ask Mom for help.

III. Word Analysis

These questions have been prepared with great subtlety. Mark your choices quickly. Do not go back and change answers.

1. Do you prefer to think of yourself as:
a. a man?
b. a human being?
c. a *homo sapiens*?
2. When you order a glass of milk, do you ask for:
a. skimmed?
b. pasteurized?
c. homogenized?
3. If you are with people who have similar tastes, do you prefer to think of the group as:
a. compatible?
b. simpatico?
c. homogeneous?
4. Do you think of indigent beggars as:
a. panhandlers?
b. deadbeats?
c. hoboes?
5. If your Uncle Moe asked you who your favorite singer was, what would you answer?
a. "Tom Jones, Moe."
b. "Frank Sinatra, Moe."
c. "Don Ho, Moe."
6. Joseph Conrad wrote many great novels. Which is your favorite?
a. *Lord Jim*
b. *Victory*
c. *Nostromo*
7. If you were asked which record company had the funniest name, how would you reply?
a. "Ha ha, Capitol!"
b. "He he, Atlantic!"
c. "Ho ho, Motown!"

Score: Ten points for each one marked c. Add twenty-five points more for each c answer you changed after you figured out the ingenious "catch."

IV. Suggestive Citations

Great literature is always great, but often obscure. Study the following passages, then put a check mark next to the ones you would be afraid to read to a muscular person who hates homos.

- ___ 1. "Yet in our asshen olde is fyr yreke." (Chaucer)
___ 2. "The moe the merrier." (John Heywood)
___ 3. "The white pink and the pansy freaked by jet." (Milton)
___ 4. "Do not, when my heart hath

continued

continued

'scap'd this sorrow, Come in the rearward of a conquered woe.' (Shakespeare)

- 5. "No member needs so great a number of muscles as the tongue." (da Vinci)
- 6. "His coat was red, and his breeches were blue, And there was a hole where his tail came through." (Southey)
- 7. "I hold you here, root and all, in my hand." (Tennyson)
- 8. "To blow and swallow at the same moment is not easy." (Plautus)
- 9. "Love me, love my dog." (Heywood)

Score: Add twenty points for each passage you checked. If you thought passage number 3 had anything to do with homos and airplanes, give yourself twenty extra points for being a wise guy.

V. Got a Match?

Pair up the items that go together best.

- 1. maroon velvet drapes
- 2. black chintz bedspread
- 3. mauve velour turtleneck
- 4. taupe corduroy knickers
- 5. powder-blue pullover
- 6. black leather briefs
- a. tan chamois bodyshirt
- b. wheat-colored jeans
- c. white satin sheets
- d. Oriental scatter rugs
- e. navy-blue double-breasted blazer
- f. hickory riding crop

Score: Give yourself ten points for each of the following match-ups: 1-d, 2-c, 3-e, 4-a, 5-b. Subtract ten points for each one you missed. If you paired 6 and f, give yourself an extra seventy-five points, roll up this magazine, and see if your roommate forgot to take out the garbage again.

VI. Coming Out of the Closet

Congratulations on having had the courage to complete the first five sections! Now stop cheating and finish the test.

A. What's your pleasure?

What you like tells a great deal about what you are. Answer as quickly as possible.

- 1. When Miss Vicki married Tiny Tim on TV, were you:
 - a. nauseated?
 - b. revolted?
 - c. in the receiving line?
- 2. Which Walt Disney character is your all-time favorite?
 - a. Donald Duck
 - b. Goofy
 - c. Tinkerbell
- 3. Do you prefer TV commercials featuring:
 - a. Henry Fonda?
 - b. Jonathan Winters?
 - c. The Man from Glad?
- 4. How did you feel when Tab Hunter

was arrested for beating his dog?

- a. indifferent
- b. outraged
- c. left out

- 5. If you won a week's vacation with a famous Hollywood couple, which couple would you choose?
 - a. Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor
 - b. Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward
 - c. Marlon Brando and Wally Cox
- 6. When waiting for a bus, are you more comfortable:
 - a. standing on the curb?
 - b. leaning against a building?
 - c. sitting on a fire hydrant?

Score: Add ten points for each one marked c.

B. The masterpainter

Many people feel that Michelangelo was the greatest artist who ever lived. What do you think?

- 1. Study the following picture. Draw a circle around the part of the statue that seems to be out of proportion.



Score: Subtract thirty points if you circled either the head or the hands. If you circled anything else, add fifty points.

- 2. Pictured below are two of the Master's most famous works. In twenty-five words or less, tell which one you like best and why.



Score: Score thirty points no matter which one you preferred. No one is interested in your reasons except your shrink.

C. Lingering latency

This is the final section of the test. Only a you-know-what would quit at this stage of the game.

- 1. When you were a child, did you believe in:
 - a. God?
 - b. Santa Claus?
 - c. The Tooth Fairy?
- 2. Whose death did you find most upsetting?

- a. John F. Kennedy's
- b. Bobby Kennedy's
- c. Judy Garland's

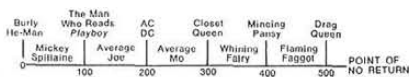
- 3. Every boy wants to grow up to be a fireman. You wanted to grow up to be a fireman because:
 - a. you hoped you could help your community.
 - b. the work seemed exciting.
 - c. you wanted to slide down the fire pole.
- 4. What is the first word that pops into your mind when you see the word "window"?
 - a. blind
 - b. washer
 - c. dresser
- 5. If you discovered roaches in your bathroom, you'd reach for the:
 - a. Raid
 - b. Black Flag
 - c. Flit
- 6. Which patriotic scene is most inspiring?



Score: Once again, twenty points for each answer you were honest enough, or stupid enough, to mark c.

VII. The Final Reckoning

You have now completed the test and are ready to face the music. Simply add up your score and mark the total on the chart below. It will tell you where you stand.



How did you do?

If you scored below two hundred, congratulations! You are not a homo and need never worry about being one again.

If you scored above two hundred, too bad. You are definitely a homo and must now begin adjusting your life accordingly. The adjustments won't be easy, of course. They may involve the loss of your job, divorce, perhaps even suicide. But once you've thought it out you'll realize that anything is better than continuing to live out the lie.

God bless you, and good luck.

You homo. □

Dick in Jane

by Barbara Schubeck

Two Pets

See Spot.
See Spot hump.
See Spot hump Puff.
Hump! Hump! Hump!
Puff! Puff! Puff!
Come, Spot, come!



What Jane Saw

“Look, Jane,” said Dick.
“See me.
See my thing.”
“Oh, my,” said Jane.
“Your thing is little.
You have a little, little thing.”
Dick said, “Take off your dress, Jane.
Take off your dress and look at my thing.”
Jane said, “Here is my dress, Dick.
I will look at your thing.
Oh, my!
Your thing is big.
Now you have a big, big thing.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, ooooh!”



At the Farm

“I want a cookie, Dick,” said Jane.

“I want a big cookie to eat.”

“Oh, my,” said Dick.

“Baby Sally ate all the cookies.

There are no cookies to eat.

Would you like a roll, Jane?”

“Yes, Dick, yes!” said Jane.

“I like rolls.

I like rolls very much.

Where is the roll, Dick?”

“In the hay, Jane,” said Dick.

“Would you like a roll in the hay?”

“And how!” said Jane.



The New Word

“Oh, Dick,” said Jane.

“I know something.

I know a new word.”

“What is the word, Jane?” said Dick.

“What is the new word that you know?”

“It is ‘incest,’ Dick,” said Jane.

“The new word is ‘incest.’

Do you know what it means?”

“Quiet, Jane, quiet,” said Dick.

“Be quiet and keep playing horsie.”



To the Teacher

The following list contains 16 new words introduced in this primer: hump, thing, dress, knock, Jack, fart, ball, pink, cookie, roll, hay, box, bearded, clam, incest, horsie. *Dick in Jane*, with its accompanying *Thing-and-Doo* guidebook, provides the materials to maintain and develop the necessary vocabulary skills for mastering The Basic Reading Program.

Who Can Guess?

“I have a funny animal in the box,” said Sally.

“Who can guess what it is?

Who can guess what is in the box?”

“I can guess,” said Dick.

“It is Puff.

Puff is in the box.”

“No, no,” said Sally.

“It is not Puff.

Puff is not in the box.”

“I can guess,” said Jane

“It is Spot.

Spot is in the box.”

“No, no,” said Sally.

“It is not Spot.

Spot is not in the box.”

“I can guess,” said Mother.

“It is Tim.

Little Tim is in the box.”

“No, no,” said Sally.

“It is not Tim.

Little Tim is not in the box.”

“I can guess,” said Father.

“It is a bearded clam.

A bearded clam is in the box.”

“Yes, yes!” laughed Sally.

“You have guessed it.

It is a bearded clam.”



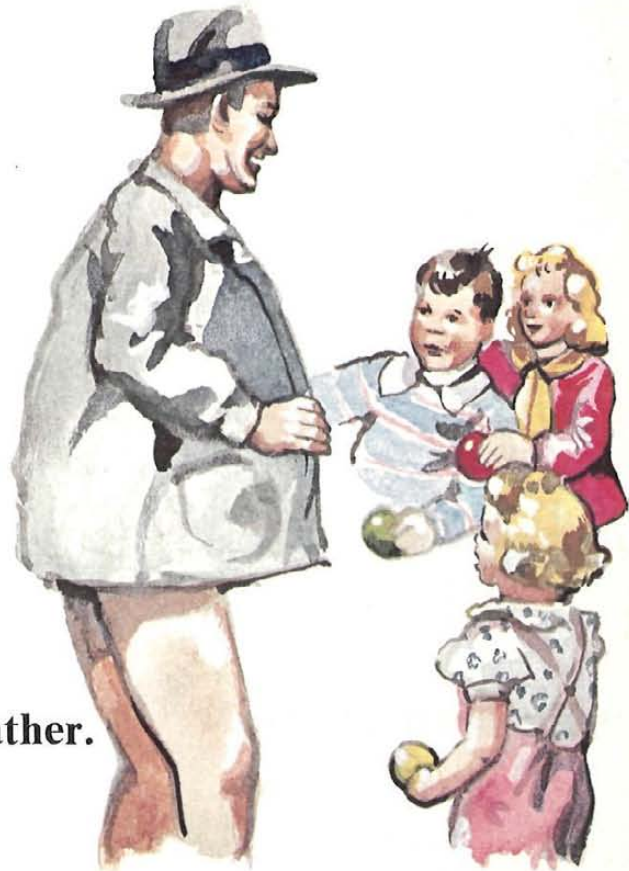
A Joke on Sally

“Knock, knock!” said Mother.
“Knock, knock, knock!”
“Who is there?” said little Baby Sally.
“Jack,” said Mother.
“Jack who?” said Sally.
“Jack Off-In-Your-Hat!” said Mother.
“Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!”
“Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!” laughed Dick.
“Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!” laughed Jane.
“Bark, bark!” said Spot.
“Fart!” went Puff.



A Surprise

Jane said, “Look, Father!
Look, look!
I have a ball.
I have a red ball.”
Dick said, “Look, Father!
Look, look!
I have a ball.
I have a green ball.”
Sally said, “Look, Father!
Look, look!
I have a ball.
I have a yellow ball.”
“Look, children, look!” said Father.
“I have two balls.
My balls are not red.
My balls are not green.
My balls are not yellow.
My balls are pink.”



Is It In?

Sure-fire phrases guaranteed to soft-boil a hard-on

This better be good,
chauvinist pig bastard!!!

That's right, sugar!
Come to Mommy!

... I mean listen, honey,
every sex manual says that it's
not important how big it is
and there is no reason
to feel inadequate or think yourself
any less a man simply because ...

... Holy Mary, Mother of God,
forgive me for what I am about
to do and ...

I have a splitting headache!

DON'T TOUCH ME THERE!

Make it quick!
I have to get up early tomorrow!

Oh Les—, I mean, Jimmy!

When was the last time
you saw a dentist?

I hope you realize
I'm only doing this for you!

Don't mess my hair!

... So, after I got back from
Denmark, it took me a few months
to recover from the operation!
I had to buy a complete new wardrobe,
of course, and ...

Easy, buster!

continued

There're some Clorets on the dresser!

That tickles!

Oh my God!
I forgot to take a pill!

... Of course,
I should have listened to my mother!
"Men are only after one thing,"
that's what she said!
"Why buy a cow when milk is cheap?"
But you couldn't tell me anything!
Oh, no! I had to find out for myself!
Well...

There was a time
when I might have enjoyed this!

I think I smell something burning!

I wonder how many children
will starve to death in Pakistan
while we're doing this?

Let's get married and have a baby!

Gotcha!

Before we start,
I think it's only fair to tell you
that no man has ever
satisfied me!

Do you respect me as a human being?

I was raped by my father
when I was nine!

Is this what you wanted?
Are you happy now?

... And then there was the
Green Bay Packer
who did it six times in a row
but that was nothing compared to
the saxophonist I met in Seattle
who could do it all night without stopping
and the lifeguard from
Fort Worth who...

I have the siff!

Are you sure it's in?

What Every Teen-Ager Should Know

Nancy Reagan's Guide to Dating Dos and Don'ts



"A sane, sound book for modern young people embarking on the sometimes murky sea of premarital dating."—Rev. Billy Graham

"Teen-age questions answered with a frankness and honesty refreshing in these sniggering times."—Ann Landers

*"A guiding beacon for today's turned-on, anything-for-kicks generation."
—Pat Boone*

Introduction

Hi. If you are "twixt twelve and twenty" and a would-be dater, this book is for you. In it, I am going to deal honestly, and sometimes quite frankly, with the joys and pitfalls of teen-age dating in the hope that it may prevent your first corsage from shriveling up into a bouquet of nettles.

A *dating manual for this day and age?* one of your "sophisticated" chums may scoff. *Why, all that jazz about moral decency and lofty ideals is a lot of bunk and hoovey!* Is it? Well, take a good look, fellows and girls, at the dangers that surround you in today's "anything goes" world. Everywhere a teen turns, he is assaulted by an avalanche of filth that lurks in many forms—pornographic movies, obscene novels, indecent plays, lurid magazines, prurient snapshots, seductive television commercials, suggestive song lyrics, immodest dances, salacious paintings, lewd advertisements, coarse poems, smutty radio shows, depraved newspapers, indelicate lithographs, perverse sculptures, shady stories, gross cookbooks, tawdry cocktail napkins, ribald postcards, libertine bumper stickers, provocative buttons, meretricious gestures, licentious operas, pandering food labels, and shameless zoos.

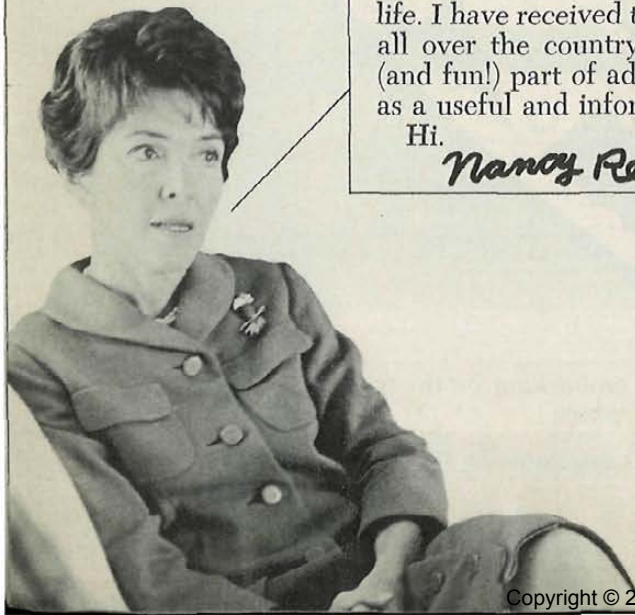
It's enough to make me sick to my stomach. Actually, after a drive through L.A., I often *get* sick to my stomach and have to spend a whole afternoon in the little girls' room. As a matter of fact, I think I'm already a little woozy, and I haven't even gotten to the first chapter yet.

Where does this nauseating tidal wave of smut and garbage come from? Well, you won't find out from the "Sex O'Clock News," but it is no secret that certain foreign powers would like nothing better than to see our country paralyzed and prostrated by a degenerate Supreme Court that sanctions petting sprees and free love as "freedom of choice" and "harmless kicks." While America rots from within, all the Russkies would have to do is rumble through Washington in tanks with those long, nasty things on top and pick up the pieces. Her youth "brainwashed" by so-called "liberated" codes of behavior, a mighty nation would be vanquished, laid low by deep kissing and petting parties.

But young people all love dates, and there is no finer preparation for marriage than a wholesome, well-rounded social life. I have received thousands of letters from concerned teens all over the country, begging for advice on this important (and fun!) part of adulthood, and I hope this book will serve as a useful and informative answer.

Hi.

Nancy Reagan



Chapter I

So You're Growing Up?

Dating is like dynamite. Used wisely, it can move mountains and change the course of mighty rivers. Used foolishly, it can blow your legs off. Scientists have calculated, for example, that if a man could harness even a fraction of the kinetic energy wasted in a single session of Post Office or Spin the Bottle, he could light up the entire city of Wilmington, Delaware, and have enough left over to discover and mass produce a cheap, effective cure for cancer of the larynx. Thus, it is so important to understand and harness the explosive power of the forces developing in your body.

Have you noticed that your body is playing little tricks on you lately? If you are a boy, you may have noticed your legs, face, arms, and chest are becoming covered with thick, black pubic hairs and your voice may be beginning to sound like a phonograph needle ruining your favorite stack of platters. If you are a girl, you may have noticed a painful swelling up here and some more funny business going on down there.

These dramatic changes can mean only one thing: cholera. If you are not among the lucky ones, then it simply means you are becoming a young man or a young woman, depending on how much flouride they dumped in your parents' drinking water. I know that such changes can often be difficult for growing teens, but try to weather the storm and "grin and bear it." There is always impotence and menopause.

During these trying teen-age years, a girl begins to "menstruate" (*men stroo ate*), and a boy begins to have "erections" (*cc wreck shuns*), normally only when called to the blackboard by his teacher. There is absolutely nothing abnormal about this, and, aside from voluntary sterilization, no known cure.

Not only is the miracle of growing up taking place inside your body, but it may be going on outside it as well. There are many names for this remarkable stage of development—"acne," "pimples," "blackheads," "whiteheads," "redcaps," "boils," "blemishes," "cankers," "zits," "pustules," "efflorescence," "breaking out," "pockmarks," "carbuncles," "suppurations," "polyps," "goobies," and "St. Anthony's Fire," to mention just a few. Perhaps one of your clever friends will notice this badge of young adulthood and jokingly dub you with an appropriate descriptive nickname, like "Crater Face," "Swiss Cheese," or "Vomithead." But perk up! Such bothersome side effects are all in Mother Nature's master plan, and they may very possibly disappear in time, leaving a healthy, glowing complexion on those portions of your face and neck not permanently disfigured by layers of horny scar tissue. You *can* treat your "boo-boos" right away, however, with frequent applications of hot, soapy water, mild astringent, or, in unusually severe cases, a woodburning kit.

Chapter II

Calling All Girls

It is time to clear up one myth about menstruation or "the curse" as many, including myself, prefer to call it. Many girls worry because their "periods" don't come as regular as clockwork, on the first or fifteenth of the month with the rest of the bills. This is nothing more than a silly wives' tale. The "cramps" you may feel, often no more noticeable than a rhythmic sledgehammer blow to the abdomen, only mean that the two little almond-flavored organs deep in your tummy are finally getting around to preparing a little home in case a baby wants to move in. This continuing cycle varies widely in different girls and may range anywhere from fifty-three to three days, depending on whether the little almonds want their owner to bloat up like a derigi-

ble or simply bleed to death.

This interesting process, often called "nature's egg-timer," was originally based on the lunar month of twenty-eight days. But with so many changes in our modern calendar to make way for silly things like Labor Day and Martin Luther King's birthday, the cycle is often keyed to other natural rhythms, like sunspots, quirky reversals of the earth's magnetic poles, or fluctuations in the stock market. (During these special days, it is wise to avoid anything that might interfere with this delicate phenomenon, such as swimming, ham radio transmitters, and remote-controlled streetlights.) My *own* cycle is based on the appearance of Haley's Comet, so although I am under the weather only infrequently, I am stocking up on you-know-whats now, because when my next one comes in 1985, it's bound to be a *whopper!*

One more word about your period. When it finally comes, you may find it a good idea to use a "sanitary napkin" to help stanch the massive loss of precious, irreplaceable



fluids from your vitals. If so, beware of fast-talking sales pitches claiming the Tampax-type tampon is preferable to the Kotex-type external napkin. The former may be somewhat more convenient, but it can lead both to unwanted feelings and risking your stock in the marriage market. As for the slight icky odor that occasionally results from the safer, saner napkin, a *schpritz* of feminine deodorant, Glade, or liquid benzene should make your strolls upwind of kennels and dog shows free from any possible danger of embarrassment.

Chapter III

Fellows Take Note

As for you boys, don't feel left out. If you glance down between your legs, where your vagina should be, you will see an odd-looking pink sac containing two little ugly things. Go ahead, take a look right now, but *keep your hands on the book* (more about *that* later). Quite a surprise, wasn't it? Well, the funny pink sac is called your "scrotum"
continued



continued

(skro tum), and the two little ugly things are called "testes" (teh stees) and are why you can never know the ultimate, inexpressible joy of motherhood.

Believe it or not, your scrotum will respond to sudden changes in temperature, quickly raising or lowering your testes to maintain them at a constant heat level, something seen nowhere else in nature except by those few who have mastered the proper techniques of marshmallow-toasting. If you don't believe me, try rubbing an ice cube against your scrotum and see what happens. Now, quickly try a lighted match. Now another ice cube. Another match. Faster. Cube. Match. Cube. Ma—*aha!* Didn't your mother ever tell you not to play with matches? All joking aside, this is simply another example of the wonders you can find in and around your own body, stuff that has often led to many important scientific discoveries. For example, when my husband, Ronald, was in the Boy Scouts, he used this same natural principle for a homemade thermometer and won a merit badge in meteorology.

Chapter IV

The Nightmare of Wet Dreams

Nocturnal emissions, or "wet dreams" as they are often called, were once dreaded and traumatic experiences for young boys of the Victorian era. But today there can be little doubt that these perfectly normal, disgusting catastrophes are merely your body's way of "priming the pump" for the coming responsibilities of manhood and marriage, and a signal to your mother or laundry that you are ready for dating.

Should you have a nocturnal emission, do not worry. A few easy preparations for this can be made in advance. Each night, before your mom tucks you in, make sure she supplies you with two bath towels, an automobile sponge, a mop, a pail of hospital-strength disinfectant, a five-gallon can of industrial cleanser, a hammer, a chisel, and a two-handed paint scraper.

Chapter V

Playing with Yourself Is Playing with Fire!

Clint and Babs were returning from their church youth meeting. At her door, Babs turned and shook Clint's hand good-night. It had been a lovely date, and, thinking over the evening as he undressed back home, Clint noticed a strange feeling suddenly coming over him. In bed, Clint was still restless, puzzled by this new, overpowering sensa-

tion. Suddenly, as Clint thought of Babs's unusually warm farewell, memories of an impure picture he had once found hidden in a Gideon Bible popped up unexpectedly. As did something else. Drowsily allowing his right hand to stray under the covers, Clint sleepily took the situation in hand and, before he realized what he had done, committed an act of self-pollution. The next morning, while driving to school to be sworn in as Student Council President, Clint was struck and killed by a speeding bus.

Such stories are common in the daily papers. Every day thousands of young men and women pay tragically for a single, thoughtless surrender to temptation. But even more victims of the "solitary sin" go unrecognized, their fates mistakenly diagnosed as "poor study habits," "tennis elbow," or a "slight case of the sniffles." The list is endless. But the untold misery brought by willful masturbation cannot be reckoned by mere statistics. One has only to look at our prisons, mental hospitals, and riot-torn campuses for the real cost.

Chilling, isn't it?

I'm no chump, you are probably saying as you read this, but how can I, as an up-to-date teen, learn to guard against this treacherous and degrading habit? First, a sound diet including eight glasses of pure water a day. Second, good health habits, such as brushing your teeth and having a thorough bowel movement after each meal. Third, avoid sweets and between-meal snacks. Regular exercise will also help sap excess energy in a helpful, constructive manner. Some popular sports you may enjoy are bicycling, swimming, skating, curling, basketball, golfing, polo, sledding, badminton, jai alai, quoits, table tennis, and snooker. Hint: if trouble still persists, it may be wise to make it a rule to slip on a pair of baseball gloves, heavy wool socks, or oven mittens before retiring. If these precautions fail, your dad will be happy to help handcuff your hands behind your back before you turn in.

As for you gals, don't get smug. Many young women regularly harm themselves with acts of self-pollution *even while sound asleep*, often dreaming of bizarre degradations involving beatniks, Negroes, or worse. Because of this, it is advisable not to tempt the devil. Have your mother "keep on ice" such objects as pencils, candles, bananas, frankfurters, hairbrushes, and softball bats.

Now that I have the scoop on self-abuse, you say, I'm going to practice these easy safeguards and pass the low-down on to my pals.

And I can think of three people who will back you up on that: Clint's mother, father, and Babs.

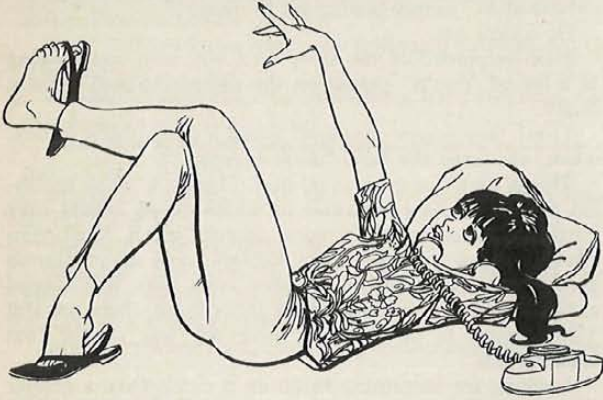


"Playing with Yourself Is Playing with Fire!"

Chapter VI

Your First Date: Calling Her Up

Calling up a girl for a date for the first time can often mean a bout with those "telephone jitters." How to avoid them? It's easier than you think! Like anything you do, there's a *right* way and a *wrong* way. I'll pause a moment while you let that sink in. The most important thing to remember is *don't beat around the bush*. The forthright, direct approach is the best way to ask for a date, as any girl will tell you. Let's start with the wrong way first: Carl has two tickets to a popular movie approved by his local church group, and he wants to take Norma as his guest. Let's see what happens. . . .



Norma: Hello?

Carl: Hello.

Norma: Hello? Hello? Is somebody there?

Carl: Hello?

Norma: Look, who is this? If this is some kind of a joke, my father—

Carl: Uh, Norma, this is Carl from your Civics class, and I was wondering if—

Norma: Carl? I don't think I know any "Carl."

Carl: Well, I'm the one with the thick glasses who sits way back by the windows? Today when I spoke to you in the hall—

Norma: Listen, maybe you have the wrong Bancroft. There's a *Carla* Bancroft in our class. The homely one with those things all over her face?

Carl: Well, actually, that's *me*, Carl Bancroft. Anyway, you were with Moose Pojanski from the football team at the time? I mean, you were talking to him, mostly, but—

Norma: Oh, sure, sure, I remember. Okay, shoot.

Carl: Well, I was wondering, if you weren't doing anything Saturday night, perhaps you'd consider—

Norma: Saturday? Oh, gee, that's tough. That's the night I always wash my hair.

Carl: Uh, well, maybe Sunday? I could exchange—

Norma: And I always dry it on Sunday nights.

Carl: Uh, then how about Mon—

Norma: Then I have to set it. It's a real job, y'know?

Carl: Well, I suppose I could get tickets for Tues—

Norma: *Click*.

Carl: Hello? Norma? Gee, the line went dead.

Needless to say, Carl did not get to date Norma that Saturday. Now let's eavesdrop on a boy who knows how to use those telephone courtesies that spell "date bait," as he invites a girl for a horseback ride. . . .

Norma: Hello?

Moose: 'Lo, Norma? 'S Moose.

Norma: Oh, Christ, for a minute I thought it was Carl again.

Moose: Huh? Whoozat?

Norma: Some flit says he's in one of my classes.

Moose: Oh. How 'bout Saturday? Wanna?

Norma: Sure, but one thing.

Moose: Wha?

Norma: Don't forget the you-know-whats.

Moose: Huh? Oh, yah. Heh heh. Yah.

Norma: Listen, it isn't funny. I thought I missed it last month and I nearly freaked. If you want to go bareback, you can call up Carl.

Moose: Huh?

Norma: Some flit says he's in one of my classes.

See how easy it was? Moose knew that old saying about catching more dates with honey than you can with vinegar, and Norma knew the one about an ounce of prevention being worth a trip to Puerto Rico!

Chapter VII

What to Wear

Dating is like electricity. Used wisely, it can operate your dad's power tools, fry eggs, and run trolley cars. Used foolishly, it can electrocute every member of your family including your goldfish. Being a teen with taste means, then, that you don't try to "short circuit" your future happiness with provocative clothes that will "overload" your date with the temptation to tamper with your "fuse box."

If you are a girl, steer clear of clinging sweaters, layers of heavy makeup, sheath skirts with revealing kick pleats, and Capri pants so tight that the boys can read the date of a dime in your back pocket. Gals in the know favor the casual good looks of cardigan sweaters, simple pleated calf-length skirts bolstered by layers and layers of crisp and crinkly crinoline. And please, ladies, *sensible* shoes! There are now on the market several brands of attractive pumps made of sturdy materials that spell fashion flair both on the dance floor and along those invigorating woodland trails. Since you are still growing, try to have a little pity on Dad's wallet and buy them at least two and a half sizes bigger to give your poor toes plenty of wiggle room! But avoid patent leather. Nothing is a surer invitation to disaster than shiny shoe-tops are to a sharp-eyed, peeping Tom with a rudimentary knowledge of light refraction.

Proper foundation garments will help give your dating wardrobe that added "plus." Ruggedly made brassieres (preferably with a time lock), garter belts, hosiery, and dress shields give a girl added confidence on a date and help correct poor posture. Hint: if you are going on an unchaperoned date, an additional girdle or two can be a welcome "something extra" when the full moon rises and that "all-American" suddenly becomes "all hands"!

Boys, too, know that a neat and clean appearance goes a long way toward winning the respect and admiration of his date. Tight chinos, pointed shoes, and elaborate pompadors (perhaps hiding the "point" underneath!) impress no one. You can't tell a book by its cover, but if a candy wrapper says "nuts" on the outside, you can be sure there's one on the inside. Boys are also cautioned to especially avoid tight dungarees that can cut circulation to vital parts of the body. Last year alone, a respected clothing physician reports over fifteen thousand men suffered the loss of their genital organs, either by chronic shriveling or simple "drop-off." Don't let this happen to you.

Crew cuts, "butches," and flattops with well-trimmed sideburns are the rage with gals everywhere, boys, and few ladies can resist the buckle and swash that a pair of Hush Puppies or saddle shoes can bring to a fellow's feet. For more formal occasions, Dad may let you borrow a pair of his he-man and hefty brogues with those cunning little perforations topping off the toes in decorative patterns and swirls. And while we're at it, let's not overlook your underthings. Loose, comfortable boxer shorts are the best

continued

continued

bet, but if your date will include some strenuous exercise, ask your mother to take you to the shopping center or sporting-goods store in your neighborhood the next time she goes and fit you out with a reliable brand of athletic supporter. Unless you're Frank Sinatra, it doesn't pay to be a "swinger!"

Chapter VIII

Meeting Your Folks

Dating a boy is like being taken out on a trial spin. If he's a careful driver, the trip can be a fine jaunt. If he's a careless motorist, you may find yourself back at your door with four flats and a shot suspension. This is why your parents take an interest in who you date. Your mom and dad have made a considerable investment in you and may have spent \$10,000-\$15,000 on you for food, clothing, partial rent, medical bills, education, and insurance alone, not to mention mad money and court fees. You owe it to your parents to let them take an interest in who may be handling their investment in their absence, and introducing your dates to them is a good way to begin. It is a delicate undertaking, for it is time for that giggle on the telephone to become a flesh-and-blood person, but simple politeness is the only "must." It is simply a matter of "getting to know you," as this example shows. . . .

The doorbell rings. Sue answers the door and greets Ben, her date for the evening.

Ben: Good evening, Sue.

Sue: Good evening, Ben. Won't you come in and let me introduce you to my mother and father?

Ben: Of course, Sue.

Sue: Mother, I'd like you to meet Ben. Ben, this is my mother.

Ben: How do you do, Mrs. Waspwell. It is a pleasure to meet you.

Mother: How do you do, Ben. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Sue: Ben, this is my father. Father, I'd like you to meet Ben.

Ben: How do you do Mr. Waspwell. It is a pleasure to meet you.

Father: How do you do, Ben. It is a pleasure to meet you. By the way, Ben, isn't your father the president of the country club?

Ben: Oh no, sir. My father is Jewish.

Father: Good night, Ben.

Ben: Good night, Mr. Waspwell.

Mother: Good night, Ben.

Ben: Good night, Mrs. Waspwell.

Sue: Good night, Ben.

Ben: Good night, Sue.

See how easy that was?

Chapter IX

Have Morals, Will Date

Now that your parents have met your date, it's time to go! But where? To an all-night beach blast? An unchaperoned pajama party? Perhaps to a double-clutch twist contest, a form of "dancing" that the late Igor Stravinsky once described as "simply petting set to music"?

Of course not.

I am reminded of the story of a boy who was looking at a list of "don'ts" posted on the swimming-pool bulletin board.

Think they forgot anything? asked a sympathetic buddy. *Yeah,* answered the boy, *"don't breathe!"*

Things aren't as grim as all that. There are many healthful and wholesome activities in which young daters may participate *and* keep their moral decency intact. Most communities have young-people's centers, and many church groups organize frequent hayrides, craft fairs, and special exhibits. But if your community lacks these, there are still 1,001 things to do that can give any guy or gal that special "lift."

Looking for something to do on a date? Take a gander at these activities available to young "thrill-seekers": folk dancing, travelogues, displays, youth rallies, guided tours of local industry, collecting pop bottles for worthy charities, sight-seeing hardware stores, reading to blind children, learning how to use a road map, unusual fêtes, playing Sorry, discovering points of interest, laying linoleum, building and operating your own weather station, identifying wild flowers, rummage sales, pets, repairing appliances, learning new words, washing the family car, remembering things, telling jokes, having shoes stretched, and making fudge.

Sound inviting? Dive right in, the dating's fine!

Chapter X

Making Conversation

Making "small talk" on a date can be one of the biggest problems for inexperienced daters. Conversation, like ten-



**"You Don't Have to
Pet to Be Popular"**

nis, is best when the ball keeps bouncing back and forth. The surest way to keep the ball in play is to find out what you and your date have in common. Perhaps both of you are interested in sports, or you have complementary hobbies, or your fathers both make the same amount of money.

Once you establish something to talk about, you'll be amazed at how the conversation can flow effortlessly from one topic to the next. Ted and Marlene show you how. . .

Ted: It's a grand night, isn't it?

Marlene: Wonderful, Ted. Did you ever see such a moon?

Ted: Isn't that what they call a "harvest moon"?

Marlene: A "hunter's moon"? Don't do that, Ted.

Ted: Do you hunt? I had an uncle who once was a fine hunter.

Marlene: My aunt once painted a wonderful hunting scene. Stop that, Ted.

Ted: I didn't know you were interested in painting. Do you paint?

Marlene: No, but I enjoy sketching and swimming. Get that hand out of there, Ted.

Ted: Why, I bet you're a terrific swimmer. I know you're tops in skeet shooting.

Marlene: I mean it, Ted! But I'm not as good with a gun as my father.

Ted: Oh, does he skeet shoot, too?

Marlene: No, Ted, he was a marine at Okinawa, and now he's a sergeant on the police force.

Ted: It's a grand night, isn't it?

Marlene: Wonderful, Ted. Did you ever see such a moon?

Chapter XI

You Don't Have to Pet to Be Popular

To pet or not to pet, that is the question! Many young girls, eager to be "in" with the crowd, think that they have to act free and easy with every lounge lizard and couch commando to show that they are grown up, that they are "cool." I'm reminded of a story that happened to the daughter of an old friend of mine. . . .

Pam, a naïve young girl eager to be "in" with the crowd, accepted a date with Stan, a boy whose reputation as a heavy petter was the talk of the cafeteria. When Stan pulled up in front of her home, Pam noticed that instead of coming in to meet her parents, he just sat in the car tightening his chinos and combing his pompadour while he honked his horn for her to hurry. Against her parents' advice and her own misgivings, Pam raced to Stan's car and drove off, the auto's shot suspension practically ruining the drive-way. The evening was pleasant enough at first, but when 9:30 rolled around and it was time to head for home, Stan began to act differently. He began feeding Pam a line, telling her that "everybody petted" and those who didn't were hypocrites, or "prudes." He told her that he was "madly in love with her" and that she was a "slick chick." He talked about famous scientists who recommended petting on the first date, like Freud, Darwin, and Rollo May. Wanting desperately to be in the swim, Pam finally agreed and willingly submitted to an act of heavy petting in the back seat of Stan's automobile. When Pam's parents saw that it was almost 10:30 and Pam had not yet returned, they immediately notified the State Police. An hour later the police found Stan and Pam, but it was too late. Apparently they had been so busy heavy petting that the doomed couple had failed to even notice a speeding bus.

Sound familiar? It should. Official government figures show that an act of heavy petting is committed in the back seat of an automobile somewhere in the United States every fifty seconds, and the Highway Department reports the exact same incidence for motor-vehicle fatalities. To pet or not to pet?

The choice is yours.

Chapter XII

How to Say "No"

A girl once told me that when she stepped out for an evening with her sweetheart, her parents always gave her her own bottle of mouthwash so she could "freshen up" after necking with her fiancé. These "parents" obviously had a geranium in the cranium! Any parent who permits a daughter the opportunity to pass out free samples is in danger of having the entire store looted. What such parents are actually saying to the boy is, *Dear necker, if you can't be good, be careful. I know you are here to crack the safe. It won't be necessary. Here's the combination. Take what you want, but please tidy up after.*

Some flirts claim that, to click with the gang, you have to keep in circulation. One has only to look at a book that's been in circulation to see the results: dog-eared around the edges, stained with fingerprints and jelly, a weakened spine and half the insides missing, nasty cracks written along the margins.

Get the message?

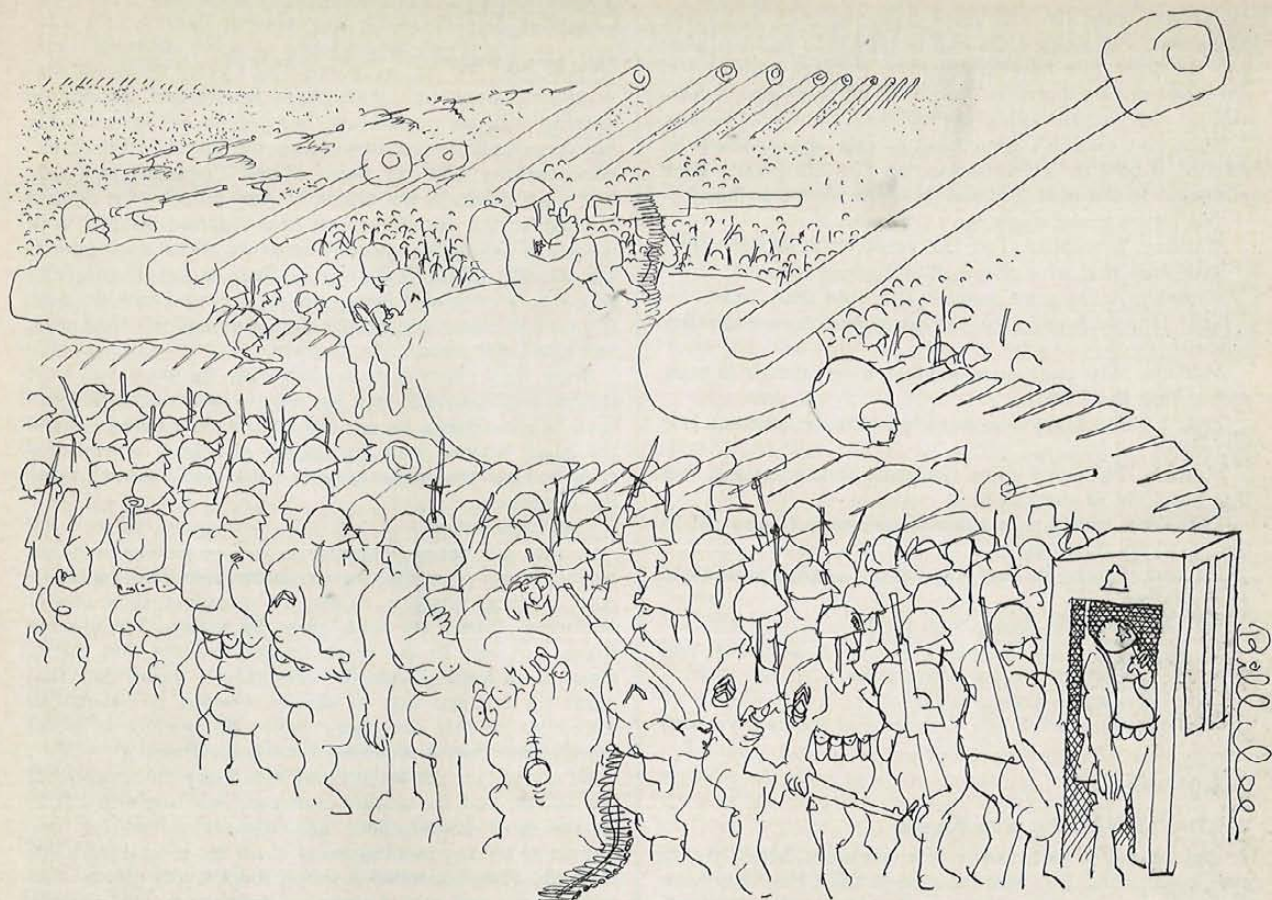
A wise girl knows that saying "no" to petting is as important to her reputation as refraining from vaulting fenceposts, riding Western saddle, or engaging in excessive shinnying. "Many are cold," goes the saying, "but few are frozen." A boy in the know quickly realizes that there's more to an iceberg than the one-fifth on the surface that meets the eye and says to himself, *Finding out about the four-fifths of this doll that's below the surface is worth more to me than a thousand French handshakes!*

Of course, it's not always easy separating the sheep from the wolves, and the mildest-mannered boy can turn out to be the most unscrupulous kiss-collector if you let him. Should he try any monkeyshines, there are several workable methods. The commonest is simply to look your date squarely in the eye and, with a sweet but hurt expression, whisper, "Dave, I'm very disappointed in you." If words do not convince, it may be a good idea to carry along a persuader of a more forceful character. Among the most popular are police whistles, tear-gas pens, and blank pistols. Finally, if none of these are available but you do happen to have a cold drink in your hand, turn back to Chapter III and study again the effect of quick temperature changes on those ugly pink things.

That's the whole story, daters, and I wish you a grand evening. And don't worry about making mistakes if you studied this book carefully. I guarantee you won't "miss the boat."

But you will miss the bus. □





"Hello... Air Canada? I'd like to make two and a half million reservations..."

COMING NEXT MONTH

BUMMER

What's a bummer? Well, for example, it's reading the little box in the end of the magazine where they tell you about all these great articles they're going to have next month, like, you know, the first nude pictures of Ralph Ginzberg in prison or Erich Segal's "Guide to a Richer Love Life," and then you go out and buy the next issue and all they have is some parody of Arizona highways, only it isn't Arizona—it's Mars—and it's 1724 and everybody is speaking in pig Latin, or some weird story you can't understand about a guy who has this dream where he turns into a pair of

galoshes and it sounds like it was written by someone who really has it in for one-syllable words, or some sick stuff about how you've got this strange disease and you don't know it and even if you did it wouldn't do any good. And then you look in the back of that issue, and there it is again, this list of stuff you'll get next month, like:

The Computer Fight of the Century/ Willie "Bang" Calley and Charlie "Nuts" Manson square off in a classic might-have-been bout that pits traditional military "search-and-maim" style against unorthodox "cut-and-run" techniques.

Welfare Monopoly/Service has been discontinued on the Reading, St. Charles Place has been leveled for urban renewal, four cold-water flats lets you build a welfare hotel, and when you pass Go, you get \$54.67 in food stamps.

Right On/Jane Fonda's long-awaited movie about a young actress who becomes a radical. What? You thought she really was a radical? Well, her father was in *Grapes of Wrath*, and he's no migrant worker.

Special Canada Supplement/Yeah, uh, sure, it's a lot like the States, but we've got a culture of our own and lots of swell stuff you don't have down there,

like beavers and DeSotos and frogs and Mounties and eighteen million bores.

Vietcong Comics/You see, in war comics the bad guys always bomb orphanages and torture prisoners and kill civilians, and the good guys make daring raids and have a great underground and fight on against all odds. I mean, that is the right plot, isn't it?

The Great Astronaut Exposé/You thought, wow, they couldn't get me to go to the moon in a goddamn tomato can like that unless I was some kind of nut or they paid me \$1 million or maybe I had killed someone and it was that or the chair, right? Well... .

As the Monk Burns/A South Vietnamese soap opera. Of course, like in real life, people are always getting killed, and it does get a little hard to keep track of the story.

Hate Literature Portfolio/Our government is in the hands of Communist Jewish intellectual Martians in the pay of the Pope!

Plus: Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Hot Flashes, cold fish, rubber spiders, bum steers, weak drinks, old maids, sucking chest-wounds, and Rod McKuen's "Life in Big-Time Poetry," as told to Howard Cosell. □

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